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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 409
EDITORIALS:
The Silence of Governor Smith 412
Whose War in China? 413
The Business of Book-Making 413
Free Speech and the Legion 414
SACCO-VANZETTI. By George W. Kirchwey 415
CLARENCE DARROW. By David E. Lilienthal 416
"BOLSHEVIST" CHINA. By Lewis S. Gannett 419
THOMPSON THE COWBOY RIDES IN. By William J. Flynn 420
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 421
CORRESPONDENCE 422
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
American Imperialism in Chile. By Arnold Roller 425
Civil Liberties in Poland 426
SOME NOTABLE SPRING BOOKS 429

SPRING BOOK SECTION

POEMS. By Clinch Calkins 433
THWACKS FROM THE MOTHERLAND. By H. L. Mencken 434
YIDDISH: OUR LITERARY DOMINION. By Alter Brody 435
NATIVE DRAMA IN OUR SOUTHWEST. By Mary Austin 437
FIRST GLANCE AT THE SEASON'S BOOKS. By Mark Van Doren 440
BOOKS:
Morley and Bryce. By J. A. Hobson 442
Bruegel of the Peasants. By Llewelyn Powys 444
Wyndham Lewis. By Joseph Wood Krutch 446
What Was the Question? By Irwin Edman 448
Breadless Ireland. By Padraic Colum 449
Pre-War Ford. By Clifton P. Fadiman 451
Who Killed Cock Robin? By H. R. Mussey 452
The Days That Never Were. By Arthur Warner 453
The Whole Story of a Great Reformer. By Shirley Jackson Case 454
The Progress of Roger Fry. By Thomas Munro 455
Dream and Reality. By Ruth Sapin 456
Books in Brief 457
Selections, Collections, Series, and Reprints 459
Drama: Revolutions to Order. By Joseph Wood Krutch 460

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> I would not wish to a dog or to a snake, to the most low and misfortune creature of the earth—I would not wish to any of them what I have had to suffer for things that I am not guilty of. But my conviction is that I have suffered for things that I am guilty of. I am suffering because I am a radical, and indeed I am a radical; I have suffered because I was an Italian, and indeed I am an Italian; I have suffered more for my family and for my beloved than for myself; but I am so convinced to be right that you could execute me two times, and if I could be reborn two other times I would live again to do what I have done already.

THIS WAS THE ELOQUENT and moving and courageous close of Bartolomeo Vanzetti's address to Judge Webster Thayer of Massachusetts who sentenced him with his companion, Sacco, to death. The judge is reported not to have lifted his eyes once to receive the blows that Vanzetti dealt him; if Sacco and Vanzetti are electrocuted on July 10 Massachusetts justice should never again be able to lift its eyes. Whether these men are guilty or innocent is not the point at issue today; whether or not they had a fair trial in a Massachusetts court is the question. Hundreds of thousands of persons believe they did not. Governor Fuller will be recreant to decency, humanity, and justice if he permits "the passage of a current of electricity" through the bodies of these two men to stop forever the possibility of justice being done.

THE BORAH-BUTLER DEBATE in Boston attracted a great deal of attention in the newspapers and was even heralded as making the prohibition issue the foremost one in the coming Presidential election. To us it advanced and retarded nothing, and left the situation as it was. The views of these two gentlemen were as well known before the debate as after. Unfortunately for President Butler's position, as the conventions and the election come nearer the politicians are showing about as much affection for the prohibition issue as for the glowing end of a red-hot poker. As for Senator Borah's plea to uphold the Constitution, New York City Republican politicians are quoted as saying that he got the better of the argument. But they will be the last to take a genuine stand for law enforcement, or to see to it that the whole Constitution is really upheld. They will themselves continue to honor it in the breach while saying sanctimoniously that the sacred Constitution ought to be upheld at any cost. Wherein has the public profited? When, if ever, there is an overwhelming demand for the repeal of the amendment it will be repealed. There is nowhere today evidence of any such tidal wave of emotion outside of the sanctum of the president of Columbia University. The best result of the debate is that it led Senator Borah to declare that he was also in favor of enforcing the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. When he seriously attacks that task, how many thousands of public men who protest today their devotion to the Constitution will rise up to smite him!

THE EERIE MYSTERY of the "forged documents" which reached President Calles is still dark, but a few rays of light have picked out corners of the gloom. Someone in the office of the American military attaché in Mexico City stole a series of 275 genuine documents from the diplomatic files. Photostatic copies of these—perhaps the originals—together with what are said to be cleverly forged distortions of other documents were sold to the Mexican Secret Service and reached President Calles. The State Department has been conspicuously silent concerning the realities and the fakes; it acts as if it had been "caught with the goods." Among the real documents seized were plans for an invasion of Mexico—such plans, it is blushingly explained, as all military attachés collect; among the fakes, it is said, was a note to our ambassador saying that while Congress was too hostile to make intervention possible, the prohibition of export of arms to revolutionaries could be lifted without Congressional sanction. That doesn't sound like a fake; a score of Washington newspapermen know that it is what Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Olds have been telling their cronies. When the stories first leaked out we believed that there had been forgeries as well as thefts; if the State Department continues its mysterious mumness we shall begin to wonder whether the documents that so excited President Calles were not genuine after all.

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JOHN E. WILLIAMS, the one American who lost his life at Nanking, was known to his friends as a stalwart friend of the Chinese people, whom he had served for half his life. We printed last week the statement of another American, who had visited Nanking since its tragedy, that Dr. Williams was killed after drawing his own pistol. Mr. Kennedy's report, based on statements made to him by student eye-witnesses, obviously disturbed the State Department, then planning its protest against the Nanking attacks. It cabled to the United States Consul General at Shanghai, and received this reply:

> The Americans were wholly unarmed and no resistance was made by them whatever. While one of the soldiers was taking a watch from him Dr. Williams, without resisting or touching either the soldier or the watch, stated that the watch belonged to his mother and that the soldiers would not want it. At this point another of the soldiers shot Dr. Williams, and killed him. Two other soldiers looted his dead body. They then walked away unconcernedly.

Earlier reports attributed to Dr. A. J. Bowen, president of Nanking University, who was with Williams, give still another story:

> The soldiers stopped us and demanded our valuables, which we handed over. Dr. Williams, who was a noted Chinese scholar and spoke the language like a native, then stepped up and addressed one of the soldiers and protested at the action. The soldier immediately shot Dr. Williams through the temple, killing him instantly, after which he robbed him, taking everything of value, even stripping the clothing from his body.

THESE ARE AMONG A DOZEN CONFLICTS of testimony as to what happened at Nanking. We do not yet know how many Chinese were killed by the Anglo-American bombardment, and even the State Department has not dared deny Mr. Kennedy's statement that thirty Chinese homes were destroyed. Mr. Kennedy obtained his information on the spot, in Nanking. He may have been wrong; the State Department's Shanghai informants also may have been in error. The only way to settle the question of fact would be by a neutral investigation in Nanking. We should like to see an inquiry as to the responsibility for both foreign and Chinese deaths in Nanking conducted by disinterested parties, including other Asiatics—say by a joint French and Turkish committee. Certainly to base an ultimatum solely on the statements of excited Americans and other imperiled foreigners, without inviting Chinese to participate in the investigation, is to behave as the Austrians behaved after Serajevo in 1914. It is to follow a criminally partisan policy of war.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE gave a complete catalogue of reasons for vetoing the Philippine bill for a plebiscite on the question of Philippine independence. He was against it because it would mean nothing and because it would mean too much, because it would feed agitation. But most of all, he was against it because he is against Philippine independence. The bulk of his long veto message was a lecture on the economic advantages of remaining part of the United States. That strayed a long way from the initial question: Should the Filipinos be permitted to vote whether or not they want independence now? Mr. Coolidge obviously thinks Filipino desires of small importance; if the Filipinos want independence they ought not to, and he does not intend to let them have it—or even to say that they want it. That is a dangerous position for the President of the United States to take at a moment when all Asia is throbbing with new hopes and dreams.

THE FILIPINOS WOULD LOSE by severing their ties with the United States, the President says. They would have to pay for their own defense; their bonds would require higher interest rates, and their products would have to pay tariff duties on entering the United States. Since 70 per cent of their exports go to the United States, he says, this would be ruinous. He forgets to say that it has been the deliberate policy of the United States to tie the islands to us by a tariff net. Does he intend to grant them the eventual independence which Congress and a series of Presidents have promised them? If so, why does he not recommend a program of gradual lessening of the tariff bonds, so that the Philippines can prepare themselves for economic as well as political independence? The present tariff makes the islands every year more dependent on the United States; to argue that its operations make the Philippines unfit for independence is ironic cruelty.

THE PRACTICAL COLLAPSE of the disarmament preparatory commission of the League of Nations need surprise no one. It will be, however, a bad black eye to the League. That body is pledged by the Versailles Treaty to disarmament, as Count Bernstorff has so unpleasantly been reminding the preparatory commission. He has even gone so far as to say that if the other League members will not disarm the Germans will arm—which can hardly be expected to please the French. Of course, there will be no disarmament in Europe if the will to disarm is not there; if the nations continue to send to disarmament conferences the old-fashioned diplomats, and large delegations of generals and admirals—as does the United States—who will certainly never be eager to legislate their professions out of business. The deeper these officials get in considering each nation's factories, man- and woman-power, railways, inventions, water-power, boundaries, commercial airships, coast lines, etc., the more hopelessly involved they become. What folly! The way to disarm is to disarm, to show courage, to take chances, not to try to match every French revolver or rifle against every British or Italian weapon. Far better reading is the news that thirteen conservative French deputies have introduced a bill calling for the abolition of battleships, and battle cruisers, and submarines. That has the right ring! And so has Louis Loucheur's interview, after a visit to Berlin, in which he declared that the French wish more than ever for a lasting reconciliation with the Germans and a permanent economic union between the two nations.

LIBERALS HAVE WON two by-elections in England. When Wedgwood Benn left the Liberal for the Labor Party he resigned his seat in the House of Commons. The Leith Laborites nominated for the place R. F. Wilson, a Left-winger who preached "confiscation." Benn, when a Liberal, had defeated Wilson by 5,319 votes; this time Wilson polled only 1,111 votes less than the successful Liberal candidate. That was hardly a thrilling Liberal victory. Haden Guest, who won the North Southwark seat for Labor in 1924, recently resigned from that party in protest against its opposition to sending troops to China. This time he stood as an Independent; the Tories put up no candidate against him; he fought the election on his Chinese policy—

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and came out a bad third. The Liberal won, with 7,334 votes; the new Labor candidate stood second, with 6,167; Haden Guest polled only 3,215. The *Manchester Guardian* hails this as a great victory for progressive Liberalism; the *New Leader* says it means rather that "anti-Socialist electors are turning from the Conservative to the Liberal Party."

THE PITIFUL DISPARITY between justice and the law has never been better illustrated than in the case of the State of New York *vs.* Francesco Caruso. Caruso's child lay dying with diphtheria; a doctor, summoned too late, injected antitoxin into his spine; the father, believing the needle's stab to have been the cause of his death, stabbed the doctor in turn. Now he has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and unless an appeal is successful or the Governor intervenes, he will die in the electric chair. "I am satisfied with the verdict," says the doctor's widow. "I believe justice has been done." Caruso, in jail, tortured by fear of what will become of his wife and his four other children after he dies, says despairingly: "Doctor give Joey medicine and Joey die. I get crazy, kill doctor, and scare everybody. Now people say, medicine no kill Joey. I hope they show me to read and write before they kill me. Maybe I understand more good if I see things on paper." The law in the case is plain: A murder, not in cold blood indeed, but nevertheless an innocent and unarmed man done to death in a most cruel and unexpected and unjustifiable manner. The state demands that the murderer pay for his crime with his life. This is as right as right can be. But what has it to do with justice? Does the law take into consideration a piteous ignorance, a mind crazed by grief, a primitive fear of science; does the law answer the question: How will society be served by the death of this murderer? Does the law concern itself with realities like poverty and ignorance and fear and grief? Rhetorical questions, these, to which the answers are too well known.

THE *REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM* of literary censorship has been reached, and in Canada, too, just when the United States seemed the logical candidate for the prize. Hester Prynne is recipient of the censor's protective care, Hester Prynne of "The Scarlet Letter," who spent so many hours embroidering her sin upon her bosom. Hester, by grace of the Canadian censor, has now been made an honest woman; the Quebec Board of Moving Picture Censors have demanded a marriage somewhere in the picture, to legitimatize little Pearl, or else there can be no showing of the film. There is a rumor, not yet confirmed, that the story of the Woman Taken in Adultery is to be deleted from all Canadian Bibles. Meanwhile, one wonders what will become of the scarlet letter in "The Scarlet Letter." What will the "A" stand for now? Can it be that it will be the first letter of a word synonymous with "censor"?

THE TWO SENSATIONAL PLAYS—"The Virgin Man" and "Sex"—which found their way into court in New York have both been duly found obscene and the producers of both have been duly sentenced, the one by judges, the other after a trial by jury. Whatever else these events may prove they certainly demonstrate that there is no possible need for the establishment of a censorship when it is as easy as it was shown to be to obtain a conviction when occasion arises. It is, however, worthy of note that in the charge which Judge Donnellan gave to the trial jury in one case he laid particular stress upon the fact that the section of the penal code under which the defendants were indicted was intended "not to protect the morals of the mature and adult but of the young, the ignorant, and the sensually inclined," and one is moved to inquire if all art is to be judged, not according to the value which it may have for those to whom it is addressed but only by its possible effect upon the "young, ignorant, and sensually inclined"—if, that is to say, government is to be ordered always in the interest of the worst and least valuable element in the country. Meanwhile, Governor Smith has signed the theater padlock bill upon which we commented editorially two weeks ago. He expresses the pious hope that the Commissioner of Licenses will use discretion in applying it, but from our own observation we have scant faith in the virtue of laws which become monstrously unjust unless they are administered with discretion by those in whom arbitrary power is invested.

ALICE AND IRENE LEWISOHN have announced that the Neighborhood Playhouse will be closed at the end of the present season. For twelve years the Misses Lewisohn have been responsible for both the financial and artistic direction of the Grand Street organization, and in spite of the fact that many of its productions have received universal praise, its expenses have exceeded its receipts by more than half a million dollars. The theater itself is so small that even the tremendous popular success of such pieces as "The Dybbuk" has not made it possible to recoup the losses sustained on other productions, and the Misses Lewisohn have decided that whatever the social meaning of the experiment their work cannot continue in so small and remote a house. They refuse to say whether or not they plan to begin again upon a larger scale at some later time, but every one interested in the American theater will eagerly hope for a renewed effort. No single organization has contributed more to make the New York stage significant, and without them the New York theatrical season would lack no inconsiderable part of its interest and beauty.

WHAT'S THIS? A New York judge threatening to fine a woman ten dollars for contempt of court in that she powdered her face and used her lipstick in his august presence? Surely this is judicial intolerance and old-fogyism carried to the limit. Where does this wearer of the ermine live? Not in New York City surely, else he would see women powdering their noses in subways, in elevators, in the theaters, at table in the restaurants, on the streets—all over, in short. The secrets of the toilet are everywhere as openly revealed as are the flappers' knees. Does not the judge realize that customs change? It is not merely that youth is having its fling and desires self-expression in cosmetics as well as other things at its own time and its own place; even the mothers and grandmothers use their powder puffs indiscriminately. Who shall cry bad taste and worse manners in the face of this new and truth-telling frankness? Manners have been outgrown, and so has concealment of the method of creating blush or pallor. Why not turn the tables on the judge by getting a permanent injunction from one of his brethren of the bench to keep him from interfering with the right of any citizen to beautify himself or herself in the courtroom or anywhere else.

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The Silence of Governor Smith

WHEN Governor Smith informed the State of New York after his election that he would not lift a finger to win a delegate for his own nomination to the Presidency or personally enter the field as an active contender, he stored up trouble for himself because it was interpreted as meaning that he would remain silent on national issues. The spirit of his utterance was excellent, and it is of course essential that he, although an avowed candidate for the Presidency, should continue to devote himself to the duties of his present office as did Grover Cleveland prior to his election to the Presidency. But this self-denying ordinance which the Governor passed ought not to be taken by him and his advisers as binding him not to express himself on public issues or to take cognizance of questions which may be asked of him between now and the national conventions. We are only a few weeks from the beginning of the Presidential primaries; in some of the States a candidate to be considered must file petitions and state his intentions. If Governor Smith or his friends intend to exercise the right to do this, he should make unequivocal statements as to his position on the problems of the day.

The issue has been forced by the publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of Charles C. Marshall's article demanding that the Governor answer whether, if elected, he will be the President of the United States independently of Rome. Mr. Marshall cites papal encyclicals, in which the Church of Rome seems to demand of Catholics who govern temporal states that they shall yield authority to the Pope. According to *America* Mr. Marshall's citations are erroneous, that Jesuit weekly declaring that at least one of them is falsified, that others are not fully quoted, or are torn from their fair context. By multitudes of Protestants we suppose Governor Smith's reply will be awaited with profoundest interest. We, however, cannot get up the slightest excitement over the papal quotations. Catholics have an easy way of adjusting themselves to the realities. "Al" Smith has been Governor of New York now for more than six years. If anyone can point to an act of his which was dictated by the hierarchy or the Pope we shall be interested to hear of it. His bitterest Republican enemy has not charged that the Governor has been under priestly control during his residence at Albany. Clear up the issue he will. His reply has already reached the *Atlantic;* it will, we hope, not be limited to echoing what *America* says about the accuracy of Mr. Marshall's quotation. It should be unequivocal and frank. But whatever the form of his answer, we have no fear that if elected Governor Smith will violate his oath of office to oblige the Pope in Rome.

What we are interested in is the Governor's position on the issues of the day. We know how he stands on water-power and conservation, on home rule and state ownership of natural resources, on education, child welfare, corrupt practices, housing, and a few labor issues. But there are other questions. If Governor Smith is to have the support of the Progressives, of whom 467,293 cast their votes for Senator La Follette in New York State in 1924, while 109,028 similarly voted for the Wisconsin Senator in New Jersey, he must let them know what position he will take on outstanding national and particularly foreign issues. There is Mexico. Not only is the Catholic issue involved here, but a very deep and far-reaching issue of Americanism in its best sense. We cannot say now whether a Progressive ticket will or will not be placed in the field in 1928, but if there is any doubt as to Governor Smith's attitude toward the policies of Messrs. Kellogg and Coolidge in Nicaragua, Mexico, and China we venture to prophesy that strenuous efforts will be made to put a third ticket in the field. Progressives have learned that foreign policies are of enormous moment in their reactions upon domestic questions. If Governor Smith stands for imperialism abroad, for the policy of the "mailed fist" in the Caribbean, which eventually means control and subjugation of Latin America by our Government in cahoots with the international bankers, Progressives will wish to have nothing to do with him. They will seek someone else to vote for.

Again, on the question of prohibition the voters are entitled to know just where he stands, and whether he believes that it should figure as an issue in the coming campaign and what, if he should be elected, he proposes to do about it. We believe that this will prove his most difficult problem. It is our belief that the nearer we come to the convention the more the Democratic politicians will, like Senator Carter Glass, advise that the issue be left alone. Mr. Glass has just publicly told Governor Smith that the Presidency has nothing to do with prohibition. Senator Edwards of New Jersey, who has just come out for the nomination of Governor Smith, is one of our greatest Wets, but we notice that in his interview he did not once mention the liquor question. He declared that Republican and Democratic leaders both are convinced that Governor Smith has caught the imagination of the people and that even in the South the cry of Catholicism is waning as time passes and people realize that the Americanism of so tried and true a public servant as Governor Smith would be bound to rise above any religious tenets. Senator Edwards had much to say about the faults of the Republican Party and President Coolidge's third-term candidacy, but he did not find it timely or tactful to mention prohibition.

Indubitably Governor Smith is riding on the crest of the wave. Every day more politicians come out for him and the opposition fades. But he has a long way yet to go. The American people want to know a lot more about his plans and his program. They want to know whether he stands for the Wilson policies abroad or not; whether he is really for or against the League of Nations; whether he believes in sending marines all over the globe. They want to know his attitude on the debts owed us by foreign nations, and whether he is as ready for government ownership of railroads as he has been for State ownership of water-powers and forests and canals and canal terminals and State control of the milk supply of the State of New York. If Governor Smith wishes to give his candidacy an impetus which cannot be blocked he will define his position as unequivocally as did Grover Cleveland, the last man who went direct from Albany to the White House. If to the glamor which now attends his name as one who has come up from the sidewalks in true American fashion he can add a reputation for courage and forthrightness on national issues, he will pretty nearly have won his nomination.

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Whose War in China?

ONE hundred and seventy-two fighting ships, flying the flags of eight non-Chinese nations, besides thirty or forty colliers, tugs, and transports, are now riding in Chinese waters. Forty-five of them are at Shanghai, forty-six are patrolling the Yangtze, and the rest are stationed up and down the China coast. America has three admirals on duty in China, Great Britain three, France one, and Japan one.

If anyone still thought that this enormous naval concentration was intended simply and solely to protect the lives and property of foreigners in China he must have been sorely puzzled by the events of April 6 and 7, when the Dutch dean of the Diplomatic Corps in Peking, after consultation with the British and American ministers, gave Chang Tso-lin permission to violate the Boxer Protocol and enter the Legation Quarter in order to sack a portion of the Russian Legation; the French authorities permitted Chinese police to enter the French Concession in Tientsin in order to raid the Russian consulate there; and the British and Americans on the Municipal Council of Shanghai posted about the Russian Consulate White Russian guards, who searched every person going in or coming out, including Chinese civil officials. More, these Russians turn out to have been members of the Northern army who were taken into the International Settlement after their defeat and immediately incorporated in its police force! (It is not generally understood in this country that whole regiments of the anti-Nationalist armies in China are made up of half-starved "White" Russians.) This is something more than protection of foreign lives and property; it is a kind of concealed warfare.

"The belief grows among military and naval experts," Thomas F. Millard cables to the New York *World* from Shanghai, "that the sending of foreign troops to China is preliminary to the expected clash between Great Britain and Russia." It looks that way; it looks also as if Great Britain were utilizing the events in China to make the United States her ally in such a contest. "Why," Eugene Chen, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, asked the British Minister, "does Britain bring her quarrel with Russia into our country?" Why, indeed? And an American may well inquire why America, too, has to be dragged into Britain's struggle to maintain her dominance in Asia.

There are 35,000 foreign troops in Shanghai today—apart from the bluejackets on shipboard and 10,000 more are on the way; whereas the Chinese Nationalists have only 10,000 soldiers in all the Shanghai region!

There is something very strange in this situation; one might almost suspect a deliberate plan to build up a military concentration in Shanghai as a base for a real attack upon China. Why does the American Government at one and the same time urge the missionaries to evacuate their posts, and send more and more troops to protect them? Why does it inform the American people that it maintains its freedom of action, yet send its consul in company with the British consul to present identic notes protesting against the events at Nanking and demanding reparations, without waiting for a neutral investigation?

"American consular officials are using all their resources in an effort to persuade Washington to join in strong action with the other Powers," Mr. Millard states. (Incidentally, we urge our readers to follow his Monday cables to the *World*, for no other American cabling from China has half his insight or his common sense.) If the consular officials have, like the newspaper correspondents, succumbed to the hysteria of the fear-stricken foreign community in Shanghai, they should certainly be asked to follow the missionaries to places of safety where their sanity can be restored. "Strong action" at this moment would be a colossal disaster; it would mean that the White Powers deliberately set themselves against the struggle of a continental race for freedom.

Those are right who see in the Chinese drama a struggle between Russia and Britain. But in this struggle Britain stands as the representative not of industry but of empire, and Russia as the friend not of communism but of national freedom. The simultaneous attacks upon the Russian consulates, sponsored by the foreign Powers, were evidently part of a concerted effort to disgrace Russia with the Nationalists by embroiling her with the Northern Chinese. Russia refused to be trapped; she protested, of course, but made no threats. From this diplomatic intrigue America ought to hold aloof, sympathetic with Nationalist China and uninterested in defending the fortresses of empire. In the absence of positive direction we seem to be drifting along, a tail to Britain's kite.

The Business of Book-Making

THE London *Nation and Athenaeum* has recently launched a general discussion of the book trade, and the discussion is now meandering through its columns after the amiable if inconclusive British fashion which permits everybody to have his say either in a regular article or through the medium of the long letters signed "Pro Bono Publico" or "An old Eton Boy" and allows the subject to be gradually widened in a series of concentric circles until it includes the universe. In the beginning somebody suggested that all was not well with the publishers and Mr. Stanley Unwin replied with a volume which the *Nation and Athenaeum* quoted. Then somebody else had the temerity to assert that books are too dear, and Mr. J. M. Keynes instantly mobilized his battalions of statistics to show that they are not. Still another indicated advertising as the panacea, whereupon Mr. Leonard Woolf pointed out its dangers. Thus matters were left standing much where they were before, until at last somebody remembered to charge that after all the general public was to blame and, since the general public is nobody in particular, there was a general disposition to let it go at that.

Meanwhile the Oxford University Press continues to publish solid and sumptuous books at pretty solid and sumptuous prices, while Mudie's Library supplies popular fiction at such a small charge that the majority of English authors outside the Nat Gould class are coming to depend upon the returns from American sales supplemented by the whopping fees they receive from Mr. Feakins and his fellow lecture-impresarios.

In many respects America has much less to complain of, for book production and book sales have both bounded upward within a generation. Our free libraries, probably because they make no effort to supply every reader with the current book he wants at exactly the moment he wants it, have never interfered with book sales to the extent to

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which the popular subscription libraries of England have interfered with them there, and though we have no university press comparable to that of Oxford, the author who addresses a popular audience has a pretty fair chance of reaching it. Even though the writer whose field is scholarship or criticism still has a difficult time making a living, his struggle is less long and desperate than it has been at any time since he came to depend upon the public rather than the patron, and as for the writer who has the good fortune actually to catch the public fancy, his financial rewards are such that not only artists of the past but its Maecenases as well might envy him.

Yet it must be remembered that this prosperity which many publishers and many writers enjoy is part of the general American prosperity and does not indicate a *relative* improvement nearly as striking as a first sight might suggest. Authorship is still one of the least profitable professions—not to be compared, for example, with medicine or law—and book production is still quantitatively one of the least important and profitable industries. An ingenious advertising writer has recently been collecting statistics to show that there are two hundred times as many tobacco dealers as bookstores in America and that Americans spend seventeen or eighteen times more money for candy, ice cream, and soda water than they do for books. The prosperity of literature as a business is due, then, to the enormous size of the market, not to any amazing responsiveness in the public, and there is no reason to fear that we are becoming a nation of bibliomaniacs.

Doubtless the time will never come when people will spend money as freely for books as they do for soda water. Perhaps it is not even desirable that it ever should. But the fact remains that even in America, where the vast majority of people have a financial margin which makes the purchase of non-essentials possible, they spend comparatively little for books. They think twice or even thrice before buying a book; with nothing else does acquisition by purchase seem so desperate an expedient. Many a man who, as a matter of course, spends a hundred dollars a year for theater tickets and even attends the opera occasionally, considers himself a patron of literature if he has bought three books during the season.

Many explanations have been given for this anomaly, but we are inclined to think that books have always suffered from a certain air of virtue which is associated with their possession. They are not like clothes and food, absolutely necessary, but neither do they constitute the sort of dissipation that even theatergoing does. There is something so laudable about buying and reading them that one hesitates to put into them the money which one devotes to luxuries—it is too much like dropping it into the collection plate or doing something else equally virtuous, and therefore unexciting. If book-buying could only come to be regarded as a conspicuous and frivolous expenditure; if preachers would only denounce men impartially for wasting their money in road-houses, night clubs, and bookstores; if serious fathers would only have heart-to-heart talks with their daughters over the size of the spring-book bill from the Fifth Avenue shops, then more books would be bought. As it is, they have to struggle along as something which has its place in a dun, unexciting region between the necessities and the luxuries, something which the poor cannot buy and which does not make possible enough of a splurge to interest the rich.

Free Speech and the Legion

ONCE more the American Legion looms up as a menace to the liberties of this country; once more it has proved how completely the spirit of Prussianism which its members once set out to conquer has entered into their own minds and possessed them. The West Chester, Pennsylvania, post has now dared to lay down the law in Pennsylvania that there shall be no criticism of the Government or its policies in any institution which is maintained by public money in that State. As the first step, under the leadership of Major John A. Farrell, the West Chester legionnaires have brought about the dismissal of two professors from the State Normal School. A frightened trustee or two has declared that the school is being reorganized into a higher grade institution of college rank, and that the dismissals were merely in accordance with the reorganization. But the Legion post knows better. These teachers, it says, were guilty of what in its judgment is subversive teaching; they have encouraged a Liberal Club which has dared to criticize the policy of the government in Nicaragua and Mexico, and that has got to stop. Says Major Farrell: "They dug their own graves. They expressed defiance of the feelings of citizens who still believe in patriotism and that our country is not always wrong." Hence they had to go. The Legion swears it accomplished this; that it compelled the head of the school to yield.

The youthful Liberal Club responded as if it had imbibed the spirit of 1776. It held another meeting on April 10, in the home of one of the members, and listened to Robert T. Kerlin, one of the two men dropped. The other is John A. Kinneman. No one questions his competence as a teacher; nor does anyone doubt Mr. Kerlin's scholastic ability. Mr. Kinneman, besides being interested in the Liberal Club, voted and worked for the Democratic candidate for Senator, William B. Wilson, at the last gubernatorial election. He was marked for slaughter thereafter. He is a brilliant man of power and personality, of independent views, who dares to think for himself and make others think, and that kind of teacher is not wanted at West Chester. Professor Kerlin has been personally and favorably known to the editors of *The Nation* for some years. His chief offense is that he takes his religion and his patriotism seriously; being a good American, he declines to accept the new doctrine that the Administration temporarily in power in Washington is beyond criticism. Moreover, although Southern born and for years a teacher in a great Southern military school, he refuses to draw the color line.

Two years ago Professor Kerlin was nearly dismissed for having colored men in his home and inviting four colored teachers to sit with the faculty at a school meeting—the very line of conduct which ought to make him beloved in West Chester, once an anti-slavery stronghold. Now it is the home of the father of General Smedley Butler, whose aunt was one of the committee which ousted the professors. The prominence of the victims, the widespread publicity given to the cases, the protests of prominent citizens, a petition signed by virtually all the students, the revolt of the Liberal Club, the outspoken opposition of the West Chester newspaper, the *Local News*, and of the Willard Straight Post of the Legion in New York bid fair to make this a case about as famous as the Scopes trial. Is West Chester to become another Dayton?

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Sacco-Vanzetti

By GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

BRINGING Daniel Webster's panegyric down to date—Massachusetts! "There she is. Behold her and judge for yourselves. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill" and William Lloyd Garrison and the Sacco-Vanzetti case, "and there they will remain forever."

Massachusetts justice has spoken its last word in the fateful controversy over the rights and wrongs of the two obscure Italians whom it has lifted into fame and is now awaiting judgment on the performance. Meanwhile the word, like the shot fired at Concord bridge, has been heard round the world. But the judgment is not in the storm of indignation aroused by the refusal of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth to reopen the case but in the still, small voice of reason and, as luck would have it, at the moment when we are called upon to form a reasoned judgment on the performance we are furnished with Professor Frankfurter's admirable critical review of the case from the beginning.*

The beginning goes back seven years to the arrest, May 5, 1920, of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti on the charge of having participated in a pay-roll robbery committed in South Braintree, Massachusetts, which resulted in the deliberate murder of two men who had the money in their possession. The robbery was a slick, workmanlike job of a gang of four or five men in a car, accomplished in a minute or less and followed by a clean get-away. What the murder gang left behind them was the dead bodies of the victims, a clear picture of the shooting by two unidentified men, and a blurred impression of the escaping car filled with foreign-looking men, probably Italians.

It was a combination of tragic accidents that brought Sacco and Vanzetti under suspicion of complicity in the Braintree job. The former, a "steady" shoe-worker in a Stoughton factory, and the latter a prosperous fish-peddler at Plymouth, were involved together in radical propaganda and it was in the effort to hide their compromising literature and warn their friends against the federal police that they found themselves caught in the net that had been spread for other fish. On the same day, three weeks after the commission of the crime, they were placed under arrest on a charge of murder. More than a year later, May 31, 1921, they were placed on trial at Dedham before Judge Webster Thayer and a jury.

Let it be said at once that no lawyer, sensitive to the honor and dignity of his profession, can read the record of that trial without shame. Habitually the real issue in the case—guilty or not guilty of murder—is swamped by testimony on wholly irrelevant issues, drawn out by the District Attorney, allowed and sometimes followed up by the court. At one time the defendants are being tried as draft dodgers; at another time for concealing and circulating radical literature; and again for not loving the United States as they should or for speaking disrespectfully of Harvard College. It was a bungling, ill-managed performance. One gets the impression that the only person on the place who knew what he was about was the District Attorney, Katzmann, who cunningly invoked against the luckless defendants all the fears and prejudices of the mob spirit that was rampant in the community from which the jury was drawn.

As a matter of law, the only issue in the case was the identity of the murderers, and the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti rests technically on a mass of flimsy and discredited identification evidence, on speculative inferences from conduct alleged to show consciousness of guilt, and, finally, and conclusively in the case of Sacco, on deliberately falsified testimony of a gun-expert to prove that a bullet found in the body of one of the murdered men was fired from the defendant's gun. This shameless imposture, which made Sacco's conviction all but inevitable and naturally carried with it that of Vanzetti, was made the basis of the first attempt to secure a retrial of the case. It is only charitable to assume that Judge Thayer's ingenious but contradictory handling of this piece of evidence, both at the trial and in his memorandum denying the motion for a new trial, was due to his inability to grasp the import of the facts submitted to him.

The case has now reached an impasse. The evidence directly bearing on the participation of the defendants in the crime was all in and had been considered and passed on by the jury. Who is to say that the jury was unduly influenced by the prejudicial testimony showing that the defendants were pacifists and draft-dodgers in time of war, enemies of the established order at all times? Certainly not Judge Thayer, who had cooperated with the District Attorney in thrusting this evidence upon the jury. Certainly not the Supreme Court, which would not think of questioning the discretion of the trial court. One wonders whether it was all as coldly automatic as this makes it out to be, or whether there was the fire of passion back of the dispassionate utterances of these Olympian minds. Possibly the whole hierarchy of judicial powers had something of the feeling of the foreman of the jury, who, when told by a friend that he did not believe Sacco and Vanzetti guilty, replied: "Damn them. They ought to hang anyway."

But now the case takes a new turn. Celestino Madeiros, a young Portuguese with a bad criminal record, held under a death sentence in the same prison with Sacco, sends the latter a note confessing to the South Braintree crime and declaring that neither Sacco nor Vanzetti had any part in it. Following the clue thus supplied the defense was able in a short time to secure a substantial body of evidence in the form of affidavits and corroborating circumstances tending strongly to show that the crime had been, as indeed it appeared at the time to be, a professional job and that it was committed by the notorious Morelli gang, which had induced Madeiros to take a hand in the enterprise. It was this newly discovered evidence that was made the basis of the latest application for a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti.

Did they get it? The whole world knows now that they did not, and wonders. But to those who have followed

* "The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti." By Felix Frankfurter. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.

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the workings of the judicial mind in the preceding stages of the case there can have been little of surprise in the result. The Supreme Court, equally with Judge Thayer, had assumed a defensive attitude. "Athanasius contra mundum." The Commonwealth against Sacco and Vanzetti was no longer a mere law case to be dealt with on well-defined legal principles. It had become a cause: The Commonwealth against a world of Reds and Red-sympathizers; law and order against the forces of anarchy and disruption.

But if justice has been betrayed in its own house, it still lives in the spirit of the people of Massachusetts. The swelling tide of public sentiment for justice through and beyond the law, which the Sacco-Vanzetti defense has called into being, is palpable evidence that the heart of the old Commonwealth is still sound. And, as for the pathetic Sacco and his brave comrade, let them live or die in peace. They have done their work. Plucked by the heavy hand of the law from their futile anarchist propaganda, they have become the prime agents in a better propaganda, that of making justice just in the country which, after their fashion, they loved.

Clarence Darrow

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

THE Attorney General of Tennessee was addressing the court and a battery of microphones in a sweltering courtroom in the town of Dayton. The burden of his remarks, in theory at least, concerned the validity of an unusual statute under which a freckle-faced young teacher was being tried. "Mr. Darrow," said the Attorney General with an expansive gesture, "is the greatest criminal lawyer in America today." He turned to an elderly, coatless, gallused man seated at the counsel's table, whose enormous head was tilted forward so that his jaw rested on his chest, his bulky shoulders hunched up, a long wisp of stringy hair fallen over one eye. "His courtesy is noticeable, his ability is known," the Attorney General continued genially. And then with a deep frown and a look of indignation he shouted: *"Great God!* the good that a man of his ability could have done if he had aligned himself with the forces of right, instead of aligning himself with that which strikes its poisonous fangs at the bosom of Christianity!"

Through a good many years people have been saying something of the sort about Clarence Darrow. His views on the labor movement, religion, prohibition, capital punishment, and so on have, for a generation and more, been rousing men to similar denunciations. But in spite of the unconventionality of his ideas, or perhaps because of them, he continues at seventy to hold public interest securely, and to add to the flavor and zest of life in the United States.

I

Clarence Darrow was born in the little Ohio village of Kinsman, April 18, 1857, and there he spent his boyhood. His father had studied for the Unitarian ministry and had been ordained as a minister. But before he could actually serve as a pastor the doubts concerning God and the universe, which were later to assail his son, became so strong that he withdrew from the ministry and established himself as a small furniture manufacturer in Kinsman.

The years Clarence Darrow spent under his father's roof left an unusually deep impression upon him. His mind constantly drifts back to those early days; his conversation and writing are rich with clear pictures of his boyhood. The best writing he ever did—in his novel "Farmington"—is nothing more than a philosophical reverie upon the life in Kinsman which seems still to hold so much for him.

The Darrow household was quite out of the ordinary. The father had a passion for books; every moment he could possibly spare from his little factory he spent reading. This love of books he taught his children, to whom he gave daily instruction, supplementing that received at the district school. Religion had no place in the Darrow home, although both parents came of a long line of Puritans. The elder Darrow had forsaken the cloth to become the village atheist, and the fiery pamphlets of Thomas Paine took the place of the family Bible. His political views were as radical to his neighbors as his religious ideas: he was an ardent Greenbacker and a follower of old Peter Cooper. As a young man in Pennsylvania he had known John Brown and had become an Abolitionist of the most fervid sort; his Ohio home was a station on the underground railroad. When the works of Darwin and Spencer and Huxley appeared, the old scholar read them eagerly, sometimes spending most of the night over them.

Darrow was once asked by a newspaper-feature writer: "To what do you attribute your success?" The reporter had been interviewing leading business men whose answer to this question was invariably: "I owe my success to hard work." "That goes for me, too," said Darrow. "Hard work, in fact, is responsible for my choosing to become a lawyer. When I was sixteen I hired out to a nearby farmer. I had never done any hard work before. The first day I pitched hay, and the sun was hot and I got very tired. The second day the farmer set me to knocking fat potato bugs off the plants into a pan of kerosene. By noon I was disgusted. I chucked away the pan and the job, and swore I'd never do another day of hard work in my life—and I never have."

Across the street from the Darrow home was a tinner who was justice of the peace as well. Here the boy listened to one pettifogger abuse another, and acquired a passion to outdo them. A blacksmith nearby, also a "J. P." and a one-horse lawyer, offered young Darrow the use of his books. Darrow explains that he "studied law with a blacksmith and began practice before a tinner." After he was admitted to the bar he began practice in the village of Andover, soon moving to Ashtabula. There he lived for six years, becoming city attorney. He came to Chicago in 1887, at the age of thirty. He was in most respects a typical young lawyer with no unusual economic notions, distinguished if at all only by a very serious attitude toward life and a remarkable faculty for debate and impromptu speaking. One night he seized an opportunity to address a meeting of Democrats in the old Central Music Hall, speaking on free trade. The speech was a sensation; the politicians recognized his ability to drama-

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tize an issue, and he was straightway made an assistant corporation counsel, in charge of important cases. From this point of vantage he watched the political machinery of a city work—and his illusions about political democracy were forever dispelled so that, years later, he was to say: "It is the mediocre, the thimble-riggers, the cheap players to the crowd, the men who take the customs and thoughts of the common people, who weave them into song and oratory and feed them back to the crowd, who get their votes, and from them nothing ever did come and I fear nothing ever can."

He soon became acting corporation counsel and one of the most powerful men in the City Hall. The next step was logical; he joined the legal staff of the Northwestern Railroad. Meanwhile, as he rose rapidly in the conventional role of corporation lawyer, a host of doubts were perplexing him. The agitation for an eight-hour day had reached its climax in the explosion of a bomb at Haymarket Square and the death of several policemen. The city was in a tumult, and the blood of labor leaders was demanded—and given, after a mock trial. These events stirred Darrow. Himself tough-minded, practical, and ambitious, his sympathies were touched by the prospect of these dreamers calmly mounting the scaffold for the sake of their ideas. He decided to find out more about those ideas. Chicago was then a center for militant unionists and he sought out their meeting places. He marveled at the devotion of the group of rare spirits who then led the movement. The injustice of society and its implacable cruelty, especially to its dreamers, "the Prometheans who tried to carry candles for the world," oppressed him. The prospect of becoming a successful and wealthy railroad attorney gradually lost much of its seductiveness.

Then, in 1894, came the great strike of the American Railway Union against the Pullman Company, led by the late Eugene Debs. The strike soon became a fight to the finish between all the railroads, supported by federal troops and a federal judge's "blanket injunction," and the strikers. Debs was arrested and jailed for contempt of court. Darrow could no longer contain his resentment. With one stroke he cut himself off from all hope of a conventional success at the bar, and threw himself into the task of defending Debs.

For the next fifteen years Clarence Darrow was the country's outstanding defender of labor, at a time when labor was more militant and idealistic and employers more hardened and desperate than ever before or since. The cases he was called upon to defend were almost invariably criminal prosecutions in bitterly hostile communities. His success in persuading the most carefully "selected" jury to bring in acquittals was soon the talk of the country.

The wood-workers' conspiracy case, tried in 1898, is typical of these fights. The employees of a large lumber mill asked their employer, George M. Paine, a baronial old fellow, to make certain improvements in their working conditions. He refused to deal with them and a strike was called. Paine, who held title to the entire county government, obtained the indictment of the strikers' leader for "conspiracy"; a conviction was almost a matter of course. Darrow, for the defense, presented the case, not as an ordinary criminal prosecution, but as a part of a dramatic struggle of the poor against the rich and powerful, in which the humble jurymen found themselves suddenly in the camp of the "conspirators." It was too much for the jury; they voted an acquittal and went home to their suppers with a warm feeling of virtue.

The defense of indicted labor leaders—part of a bitter guerrilla warfare between the unions and the employers—occupied most of Darrow's time during the opening decade of the new century. It was in this work that the acute railroad lawyer, turned labor advocate, came to be known in every town and hamlet; everywhere dinky lawyers in one-horse towns began to affect white washties, baggy trousers, and the newspaper version of the Darrow jury manner. His most widely known cases included the Haywood trial at Boise, Idaho, where he was opposed by a young lawyer named William E. Borah; the McNamara dynamite case, and his victory in defense of himself at Los Angeles, on a trumped-up charge of bribery.

Some observers think that Darrow, at this time, conceived of himself as a great leader of the common man, and that he planned to use his tremendous hold upon the affections of the working class to play for the highest political stakes. There can be no doubt that a calculating and ambitious man, with the devotion of ten million men to draw upon, and the friendship of such leaders as Altgeld and Bryan, would have been scheming just such a rise to political power. But Darrow became a leader of labor not in obedience to a design but upon an impulse, and in spite of himself. The labor cause in the militant nineties appealed to his emotions, to a strong, almost irresistible sympathy for the under-dog. Here is the unifying element in a life which is otherwise almost incoherent. Bred of a sensitive imagination which gives him an uncanny and disturbing faculty for understanding the suffering of all unfortunates, it has plowed his face with care and put into his eyes the sadness of wisdom. It has driven him out of the comfortable conformity in which men find tranquillity, to make him spokesman for inarticulate mechanics and miners, murderers, highwaymen, and "niggers"—the despised and beaten of the earth.

The wide public interest in Clarence Darrow has in recent months been maintained by his participation in three criminal trials, in which his genius for turning an ordinary case into a drama of far-reaching significance is well illustrated. In the Loeb-Leopold hearing he addressed a single judge—and a listening world—upon the mechanistic philosophy and the cruelty and blindness of our criminal law. The trial of Scopes at Dayton was saved from becoming simply a fundamentalist revival by his salty sarcasm and his fearlessness. In the trial at Detroit of eleven Negroes charged with the murder of a white man he raised the whole question of the Negro's right to live decently in the urban North.

II

Within the same week I have heard a bishop and a prominent Socialist express wonder and dismay at Clarence Darrow's hold upon the interest and even the affection of large sections of the American public. But there is no mystery about it; agree with him or not, Darrow is a charming, colorful figure. His avowed pessimism notwithstanding, he finds living zestful and infinitely entertaining. He is intensely interested in men, and understands their pretensions and their troubles. His ideas are usually unconventional and expressed with a sly wit and warm geniality which the toughest cannot resist. He is rarely argumentative, never didactic, always tolerant and good-humored. Free of bustle and hurry, he walks through the streets, his hands jammed deep into his coat-pockets, the last calm Chicagoan.

The secret of Darrow's amazing ability to master a jury is the same that underlies his attractiveness to the public

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generally: He knows what moves men, and how to amuse them. Men, he has learned, act because their emotions, not their minds, have been aroused. His whole effort in winning a jury—and he begins the campaign when they first step into the box to be examined—is to stir their imagination, to make them put themselves in the place of the man accused.

No trial in which he participates is ever very solemn; there is a steady fire of humor which melts even the fiercest prosecutor; and a jury in a genial, joking frame of mind is not inclined to hangings! Even under the merciless pressure of the Loeb-Leopold hearing he never became sour. One day he was chatting with the reporters during a recess, and complained to them of their frequent mention of his wrinkled and baggy clothes. "As a matter of fact, boys," he said very soberly, "I suppose I pay more for my clothes than any of you, and my pressing bills are higher. But you damn dudes take off your clothes when you go to bed!"

There is nothing of the slick platform orator about him when he delivers an address or participates in a debate. He shuffles about, as awkward and embarrassed as a schoolboy "speaking" a piece; he hunches his enormous shoulders; he writhes and twists. This almost grotesque awkwardness and apparent self-consciousness before an audience is not, however, part of his jury manner. When he faces the jury he stands before the box, composed and serious, his arms folded across his massive chest, his huge head dropped forward, the eyebrows drawn to a Mephistophelian angle above the grim round eyes. Although his arguments sometimes last through two or even three days, there is never any "rehearsal"; every sentence is impromptu and delivered without a note. His voice is a low rumble, almost a growl, and his words are weighed and very slow, like some old philosopher explaining very simply the sad truths of life to immature students.

But when he begins the attack upon the prosecution the philosopher becomes the fighter, with head lowered, his loose under-jaw now tight and hard, his arms swinging viciously, voice harsh and brazen like a hideous alarm gong. This transformation is so amazing that most juries are startled. But it is not long before the fighter disappears, and Darrow becomes again the genial, satirical maker of gibes—the engaging old fellow whom few juries have ever been able to resist.

Darrow is probably wittiest in the many debates in which he has participated in the past twenty years. He has debated upon a variety of large questions: "Is the Human Race Getting Anywhere?" "Is Life Worth Living?" capital punishment, immortality, religion, prohibition, the mechanistic philosophy, and so on. His opponents have been anthropologists, ministers, professors, Senators, and judges, most of whom have been routed not so much by Darrow's intellect as by his irresistible flow of good-natured cynicism.

He has debated religion upon many occasions. Through his argument runs a vein of gentle scoffing. He will say: "Of course I know that Confucius was as great a philosopher as Billy Sunday, and that as a thinker Buddha was the equal of Billy Bryan. But still all orthodox people know that Confucius and Buddha were spurious and the Billy brothers are genuine."

Although as a young man he was attracted by the doctrines of socialism and still has the devotion of many Socialists, he has often enjoyed poking fun at them. In talking to an audience of Socialists he said:

> Now, as far as socialism affects your life today, it is because it is a dream, a religion, nothing else. Why, I have known Socialists who haven't been awake since I knew them. They never will awaken. They are living upon a dream; they are taking dope. Practical socialism is not a political theory; it is a religious doctrine. When you fellows look at a man with that far-off, dreamy look, and say, "Are you a Socialist?" it is exactly the same as the liquid stare of the Salvation Army lassie, who looks into your eyes and says, "Do you love Jesus?"

In spite of his thoroughgoing pessimism, Darrow finds the greatest flavor in life. He enjoys baseball, and can play a keen game of poker. He is fond of children. In fact, his book on "Crime, Its Cause and Treatment" was written at a camp in Wisconsin with two youngsters, the children of friends, hanging on his neck and playing havoc with his papers. He enjoys talking with the ordinary run of men. In a court recess, while the other distinguished counsel are engaged in important "conferences," Darrow can usually be found discussing the latest prize-fight with the elevator man or listening meekly to a bailiff's theory of "what this here country needs . . ."

And yet his despair over the cruelty and futility of the world is so deep that the joy he takes in living seems inconceivable. A few years ago John Howard Moore, a brilliant naturalist and beloved brother-in-law, killed himself one morning in Jackson Park in sight of the Darrow home. Darrow delivered a memorial address which shows how, intellectually, he despises the life which in fact he enjoys. He said:

> John Howard Moore wrote and worked with feverish haste, and he believed that the blind and heartless world would listen to his words and mend its ways. But humanity went on trading and dickering, lying and cheating, marrying and dying, and never heard his voice. One day he opened his eyes and knew his work was in vain, and feeling the weight of the universal sorrow on his soul, he took his life. The coroner's jury determined that "he died from his own hand, while suffering under a temporary fit of insanity." I tell you he died from his own hand while suffering under a temporary fit of sanity. . . . Poor, dead dreamer! You are not the first or last mortal to learn the truth. Other men have awakened from the mad and blissful dream of saving mankind from itself. I, too, have dreamed my dreams, had my illusions, and wakened from my sleep. . . . Among all who are gathered here there is but one whom we can felicitate on this event, and that one is our friend who lies peaceful and all unconscious of the world. If any word of mine could call back his troubled soul, I should feel myself guiltier far than I would to cause a brother's death.

In many sections of the country Clarence Darrow is regarded, quite literally, as the earthly manifestation of the Evil One. There are many who feel as did the late Mr. Bryan, who said during the Scopes trial:

> Mr. Darrow embodies all that is cruel, heartless, and destructive in evolution. He is the finished product of evolution, the most perfect that has developed in the United States, and proves the criminal folly of intrusting to the tempestuous sea of life an intellectual ship without a moral rudder and a compass.

The fact is, of course, that Darrow has no quarrel with any man to whom religion holds out consolation or hope, making life more palatable. "I know there are millions of people in the world," he has said, "who derive consolation in their times of trouble and solace, in times of distress, from the Bible. I have never tried to impose my views on

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religion on any human being. I have a right to my own views, and I would fight as hard to protect every other man's views as I would fight to protect my own."

III

At forty Darrow was a partisan. At seventy he has become a philosopher. At forty the partisan, stirred by the suffering and wretchedness of men, led a gallant attack upon those economic forces which he believed deliberately held the workers in bondage. At seventy the philosopher feels even more deeply the suffering of humankind, but he neither blames nor excuses. He now believes that man acts as he does because of stimuli from without and is as little responsible for his conduct as a machine of steel. Darrow as a young man dreamed of a day when the intelligence of man would rule, when his bestiality and cruelty to his fellows would give way to love and kindness. The old philosopher believes such dreams to be mere opiates with which we drug ourselves against the terrifying facts: that man is not a creature of infinite possibilities, that he is ruled by his emotions, not by his mind, that he has the same "purpose" as the amoeba—simply to wriggle along as best he can.

Some fifteen years ago, in addressing the prisoners in the Illinois state prison, Darrow said: "It is not the bad people I fear so much as the good people. When a person is sure that he is good, he is nearly hopeless; he gets cruel—he believes in punishment." The good people are still his chief concern, the good people who are forever sitting in judgment on their fellows, who seek to force every one else into their mold of goodness, to adopt their good habits of drinking, of worship, of thinking—even of procreating. The metamorphosis of the partisan is now complete: Darrow has become the most feared enemy of the cocksure and omniscent, the ablest libertarian of the day.

"Bolshevist" China

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

WHEN Wu Pei-fu came back to power in Hankow three years ago, loudly applauded by the Americans and British in China, he ordered his subordinates to cut off the heads of the leaders of the railwaymen's unions—and they did. When the Canton Nationalists arrived at Hankow in September they sent their young men out to organize unions in every trade and industry of the city and a great wave of strikes swept the industrial center up the Yangtze. In the last two and a half months of 1926 there were 160 strikes, involving 200,000 workers in the Hankow region. Some were settled the day they broke out; some lasted two weeks. And when the strike wave subsided these wild Bolshevists had established the ten-hour day in heavy industries and the twelve-hour day in commercial establishments, and had raised the minimum wage in the district from $1.50 a month, gold, to $3.75 a month. That is Chinese "bolshevism."

There is a split in the Kuomintang, the Chinese Nationalist Party. But it is not so much a split between "moderates" and "Bolshevists" as between militarists, who would be satisfied to have the Nationalist movement stop when it had put generals of the Southern party in the places of power previously occupied by generals of the Northern party, and civilian democrats who want to put an end to military despotism and extortion and really to create a new China.

The Nationalist movement is at a dangerous crisis. It has won such sweeping victories that its enemies are joining it, and it runs the risk of being swamped. The Shanghai foreigners, who have always been able to bribe old-fashioned Chinese generals and politicians, want to see it swamped. In the past, when one Chinese general defeated another, he put his own friends in the chief revenue-bearing offices, but accepted and retained the old subordinate officials. The old channels of graft flowed on unchanged; for the masses of the people the shift of overlords meant no change at all. But the Kuomintang generals are subordinate to the civilian councils of the party. When a loyal Kuomintang general conquers a province, he does not stay to exploit it; he turns its administration over to the party committees, and moves on to fight new battles. The so-called "moderate" split threatens because some of the new-found allies of the Kuomintang—perhaps even Chiang Kai-shek himself—look longingly upon the fleshpots of the old system.

The Kuomintang political leaders intend to make it impossible for a hostile general to recapture a Kuomintang province. This may be called Bolshevist technique; whatever its name, it is effective. It creates chaos and excitement for a time; but it explains the invulnerability of the Nationalists. They organize workers in trade unions, peasants in farmers' unions, women in women's organizations; for all these oppressed classes they produce results, and out of them they create a public spirit which makes reconquest almost impossible. Mere honesty goes a long way. Take the financial situation of Canton Province, still their strongest base. Since the 1911 revolution tax collections in that province had never exceeded $15,000,000 gold; in the ten years before the Kuomintang took power they had averaged $10,000,000. In the first year that T. V. Soong, the Harvard graduate who is the Kuomintang Minister of Finance, was in charge, they rose to $24,000,000; in the second year to $33,800,000, and Soong's credit was by that time good enough to borrow—honestly borrow—$15,000,000 more. He did not raise the tax rate; he simply forced the local grafters who had kept their collections to turn them over. He increased the appropriations for education, justice, trade, and agriculture fivefold and still had enough left to finance the start of the Northern Military Expedition!

In Hupeh Province, where Hankow lies, the militarists had for years collected special taxes which were supposed to be used for building dikes to hold back the river floods. But no dikes were built; the money was squandered. The Hankow "Bolshevists," not yet six months in power there, are already building dikes—they have appropriated $4,000,000 for the purpose. They have engaged an American engineer, Oliver Todd, who for years had served with the International Famine Relief, to assist them.

The Nationalists encourage the formation of farmers'

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unions, and these agitate against high land rentals. In the old days the farmers often organized for self-protection—sometimes in protest against militarists who forced them to grow opium poppies. Again and again the local gentry (landlords) forced the arrest of such farmers; now the gentry who try to interfere with the farmers' unions suffer arrest. They do not yield gracefully; and they can still buy occasional military support. On December 30 sixty soldiers suddenly appeared in Sanpu, near Hankow, where the farmers' union had led an anti-opium campaign, and attempted to arrest its leaders. One farmer was killed, several were wounded, before the raid was beaten off. Near Hanyang the farmers rose against the corrupt local gentry who had misappropriated dike funds and had even kept from the small farmers seed grain intended for them; there again there was a bloody conflict, and the new Nationalist authorities gave their aid to the farmers.

Wherever the Nationalists go they open schools—schools for workers, schools for farmers' union leaders, schools for women, schools for political leaders. They are indeed agitators, they seek to destroy the whole rotten fabric of the old governmental system, and to create a new. It is part of their technique to excite people. They do not stop to be fair to individuals. They interrupt foreign as well as Chinese trade and business; often their revolutionary agitation means a temporary closing of all the old-fashioned schools, including the mission schools. Foreign opposition to the Nationalist movement of course helps to crystallize it and to fix its determination to reestablish complete home rule for China; but the anti-foreign and anti-Christian outbreaks are essentially mere excrescences. They would disappear quickly if the foreigners did not defend with such an insane show of force privileges which they must know they will soon lose.

All China has been won to half the Nationalist program—that which is directed to the reestablishment of national independence. The fundamental conflict between "moderates" and "extremists" is, I think, between short-sighted men who think that the Nationalist passion can subside without causing fundamental changes in China's social fabric, and those who recognize the inevitability of industrialization in China and are determined that their country shall not pass through all the miserable phases of capitalistic industrialism which created a disinherited proletariat in the West. You may call them Communists—some of them call themselves Communists—but in judging them and the men who oppose them it is well to remember that the outcome of their extremism in Hankow is that men who were paid $1.50 a month now receive $3.75, and instead of working sixteen hours a day work twelve.

Thompson the Cowboy Rides In

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN

Chicago, April 8

THREE candidates ran for the high office of Mayor of Chicago: William E. Dever, the late mayor, running to succeed himself; John Dill Robertson, a former health commissioner, running for some reason best known to himself; and William Hale Thompson, mayor of Chicago on two previous occasions, again seeking office. In 1915 Mr. Thompson, who likes to ride police horses and wear cowboys' hats, swept into office on the slogan: "A Prosperous Chicago." Four years later, notwithstanding the shrill outcry of reformers, Big Bill was reelected on the promise that Chicago would not be involved in the next World War—or possibly it was the Irish Revolution. In 1923 the city, becoming aware of a slight odor of corruption emanating from City Hall, decided to take Thompson out for a rest and elected the Democrat, William E. Dever. Mr. Dever functioned quietly and apparently with some degree of efficiency. But beneath the placid surface dwelt trouble. The "organization" was restless, the boys were not finding enough juicy bits in the political pot. Democrats and Republicans both were becoming irritable. Dever seemed certain, however, to succeed himself, when suddenly back into the arena galloped Big Bill. There were doubts, of course; the public had been thoroughly annoyed at Thompsonism in 1923. Still, there he was, big and hearty, radiating prosperity and good-will. Maybe the public had forgotten. They had. Thompson rolled up some four hundred thousand votes in the primaries, and the fight was on.

Brennan, the supposedly sinister Democratic boss, ostensibly extends his support to Dever the Democrat. The so-called "silk-stocking" Republicans want none of Thompson, so they go to Dever. To offset that, thousands of regular Democratic votes go to Thompson because Dever won't play their kind of politics and in addition is reputed to wear a white collar. The third candidate, John Dill Robertson, a most estimable gentleman, is merely a pace-maker, but he serves to enliven the race with pithy comments on his one-time friend, Bill Thompson.

Big Bill is the star of the show and deserves particular note because he is so clearly an expression of the sort of thing the American voter cannot resist. A big lumbering man with rather more than one chin; a hearty, back-slapping manner with constituents; a friendly way with little children and foreigners; a cowboy hat. He talks in a curious, rough, throaty voice that curls to a crest and breaks into waves of picturesque invective.

If Big Bill is not a mental giant, it is beyond question that his campaign has been directed by someone with genius; someone who knows how to reach the great mass who vote by their emotions and to whom the real issues of any campaign mean little. For these people it is only necessary to send up brightly colored balloons proclaiming as civic issues matters as fantastic as any that Alice ever encountered in Wonderland, and then guide their hands over the ballot while they gaze skyward. Let Mr. Dever accuse Mr. Thompson of wasting Chicago's money. Mr. Thompson retorts effectively by shouting that the superintendent of Chicago's schools is a paid agent of King George:

> Read These Histories Yourself. The ideals you were taught to revere, the great Americans you were taught to cherish as examples of self-sacrificing devotion to human liberty, are subtly sneered at and placed in a false light so that your children may blush with shame when

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studying the history of their country. Read "A History of the United States" by William Fiske Gordy, "Our United States" by William Backus Guitteau, and Lewis and Rowland's "The Silent Reader"—the textbooks that have been revised and rewritten for the Dever-Merriam-McAndrew school board, falsified and distorted to glorify England and vilify America—and then you'll understand why "America First" should stir to action every red-blooded man and woman in Chicago until the city is rid of pro-British rats who are poisoning the wells of historical truth.

Mr. Dever may retort that these same textbooks were adopted during the former Thompson administration, but by that time Mr. Thompson is in another part of town insisting that America's young men shall never again be used for cannon-fodder in France—while he is Mayor of Chicago. One of Mr. Robertson's orators suggests that Mr. Thompson may have been concerned in a recent stag party involving some ladies in the nude. Whereupon Mr. Thompson's supporters tear the heavens apart proclaiming that he loves children, and Mr. Thompson doubts (very loudly) that Mr. Robertson can eat eggs without getting them in his whiskers. So presently the question of table manners becomes a vital issue in the campaign.

Mr. Dever's predilection for golf knickers and white collars takes on an additionally sinister meaning when it is suggested that the owner hankers to graduate to knee breeches at the Court of St. James's.

"'America First,' and not 'America Second,'" shouts Mr. Thompson, "because the American who says 'America Second' speaks the tongue of Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr!" And in a full-page advertisement in the Chicago *American* he continues:

> Vote for William Hale Thompson and "America First," a red-blooded American, whose forefathers helped rock the Cradle of Liberty. Rid Chicago of these British lackeys—let them go to England, rally under the folds of the Union Jack, and sing "God Save the King." Let Chicago again take its place as the champion of true Americanism.

Mr. Thompson has strong opinions as to the relative merits of Britishers and Americans:

> There never was an Englishman that was the equal of an American. If there was he could make a million dollars in an hour and a half by beating that brave *sailor* boy, Gene Tunney. But there isn't. And John L. Sullivan didn't wait for the Britishers to come over here. He went over there and beat all the best men they had.

He further indicts Mr. McAndrew, superintendent of Chicago schools, as an ally of King George because he refused to allow school-children to solicit funds for the preservation of the ship Old Ironsides!

> The reason, of course, was that Old Ironsides licked hell out of every British ship she met and the King of England wouldn't like to have us preserve that ship. So he gives his orders to his stool-pigeon, Mr. McAndrew, and our children are not permitted to solicit pennies to preserve a priceless heritage.

How the crowd loves it all! They pack the armories and halls when Thompson talks and cheer him to the echo. Blare of bands. Song pluggers singing "America First" and proclaiming Thompson the greatest living American. Ex-service men on the platform. Remember the boys in France and vote for Thompson! Auto horns and rattles. Phalanxes of white-carnationed ushers rushing to clear the aisles for the speakers. The Stars and Stripes. And lastly, the treat of the evening, Big Bill himself. They stand on chairs, grab his hands, and fight to get near him.

Against all this Mr. Dever plugs along in his dignified, unspectacular way. Mr. Robertson proceeds about his unseen projects with large-type utterances concerning the "smashing of crime rings." But the heart of the mob is with Thompson the Cowboy, who brings color into the drab lives, daubs the landscape with fire and brimstone, and fills the thirsty ears of the multitude with large words. What more can be asked of a mayor? If the sinister figures of electric-light barons and traction magnates are woven into the fabric of his organizations, who cares? The old cry of the Roman mob rises—"Panem et circenses"—and the Big Boy is swept into office on a tidal wave of half a million votes. For this is the land of Barnum, William Jennings Bryan, and Aimee Semple McPherson.

In the Driftway

IT was with distinct irritation that the Drifter learned the other day that Dead Horse Inlet, down where the Borough of Brooklyn wanders away in a series of salt marshes into the Atlantic Ocean, had been renamed Gerritsen Inlet. The deed was done by order of the United States Geographic Board at the request of a group of "prominent citizens" (which is to say, in most cases, real-estate promoters with $100 lots to sell at $500). The change seems as unjustifiable to the Drifter as the action of the Board of Aldermen of New York City in altering the historic name of Blackwells Island to Welfare Island. As the island is known chiefly as the seat of the city's penal institutions, it would seem that to sentence a man to thirty days in the workhouse on Welfare Island would be one of those "cruel and unusual punishments" forbidden by the Constitution.

* * * * *

GEOGRAPHIC names in America are usually good. We have taken the Indian nomenclature as a basis and, in spite of considerable manhandling, have preserved a foundation that is individual and colorful. We have added some good English names in the East and South, some French history and poetry in the Mississippi Valley, some Spanish music and imagery in the Southwest, and everywhere bits of description and reminiscence that are alive with native spirit and tang.

* * * * *

NO section of the country is richer in fine flavorful names of various sorts than Long Island, where by official decree Dead Horse Inlet is now defunct. There are Indian mouth-twisters like Neguntapogue and Arshamomaque, Ketcabonock and Mannetohill, Speonk, Yaphank, Potunk, and Mashomack. Added to these is some much-to-be-prized fisherman-and-farmer lingo in Wading River and Baiting Hollow, in Black Stump Road and Granny Road, in Tobacco Lot Pond, Gravesend Bay, Hell Gate, Great Hog Neck, Skookwams Neck, Jo Coe's Marsh, Pattersquash Island, Pumpkinpatch Channel, Fishkill Hassock, and Plum Gut. The Drifter trembles for the future of Plum Gut if a realty company ever becomes active in the neighborhood. What realty companies can do is attested by the presence on Long Island, cheek by jowl with such historic and descriptive joys as those noted above, of places like Edgemere, Success, Glendale, Cedarhurst, Floral Park, and North Woodside.

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YES, we are generally fortunate in our geographic names in America; but we have done less well by the streets of our cities, where after using up Main, State, Water, and the names of the Presidents, we have commonly thrown up our hands and resorted to numbers. In this respect most Old World cities have the better of us. The Drifter once went to London expressly to live on (or in) Oldstairs, Wapping. He had seen a drawing of it in a magazine, and was lured partly by the appearance and still more by the name. As it happened, he found it impractical to take up quarters there, and squatted instead in that reservation of American tourists which has been well described as "Bloomsbury, U. S. A." But the names of streets and quarters in London remained a fascination. One may linger in Angel Court or Paradise Walk, commune in Crucifix Lane or Paternoster Row, moon in Love Lane, Huggin Lane, or Bride Lane. Also (if one is a coarse-minded lout) one may revel in Beer Lane, Brewery Road, and Wine Office Court. The Drifter does not know of any Dead Horse Inlet in London, but is sure that if there were one the townsmen would be proud of it—as they ought to be. No good Englishman objects to Rotten Row, to Garlick Hill or Craven Hill, to Tooting or Barking, to Thistle Grove or Wormwood Scrubs, to Shepherd's Bush or Highbury Barn, to Houndsditch or Shoreditch, to such living descriptions as Cowcross Street, Bird-in-the-Bush Road, Three Colts Lane, or White Conduit Street; nor to homely reminders like Cheapside and Eastcheap, Haymarket and Poultry, Old Jewry, Ironmonger Lane, and Ropemaker Street.

* * * * *

LIKEWISE in Paris. It is one of the regrets of his misspent life that while in that city the Drifter never lived in the Passage of Hell or the Impasse de l'Enfant Jésus-Christ; but he believes himself to be a better man for knowing that there was one—of each. Then, too, there was the way of the Little Butcher Shop, of the Washerwomen of Sainte Opportune, of Much Begging, and of the Cat That Fishes. Finally, he remembers the names, though he has forgotten the whereabouts—maybe never knew it—of the street of the Daughters of Calvary and that of the Field of the Lark. To the latter he would like to return to pass his last days when he is 150 years old and sadder, if not wiser, than as he pens these lines. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Ten Years After

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just finished reading Ten Years After by Oswald Garrison Villard and wish to say that it's the best thing I have read since I got out of service.

I served fourteen months in France with the A. E. F., thinking that I was fighting for the things that were promised. I realize the mistake now and more as the years go by.

Lake Charles, Louisiana, April 6 I. A. GLUSMAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That is a splendid editorial by Mr. Villard, Ten Years After. . . . How evident it is now that the World War and our entrance into it were the most ghastly failure in history. Poison-gas propaganda and mob psychology did the mischief. Probably a hundred thousand of our people were killed directly or indirectly by the war or pestilence. In addition to this, the billions it cost us in money were worse than squandered! Not a thing have we got to show by way of compensation. Let us thank God that there are men like Mr. Villard and Mr. Holmes, who have the honesty, courage, and frankness to acknowledge the truth. . . .

High Point, N. C., April 6 A. F. WHEELER

We Hope So Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On behalf of the Chinese students in New York, we take the great pleasure to express to you our hearty appreciation for the impartial, righteous, and sympathetic attitude of your paper toward the recent situation in China.

We sincerely hope that such noble and truth-seeking spirit of the intelligent American press be continued and promoted, and firmly believe that the long-established friendship and goodwill of these two sister republics be strengthened thereby.

New York, April 8 H. C. WU, Chairman,
EDGAR C. TANG, Secretary,
National Affairs Committee of Chinese Students in New York

Women and Children

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Chinese situation is indeed grave, for have not women and children been brought forward to the first line of defense? A recent issue of the New York *Mirror* pictured on its front cover a Chinese villain seizing a white woman by the hair with one hand and threatening her with a huge and wicked looking knife in the other. Messrs. Steep and Moore, star American correspondents, write indignantly of Chinese "carnage" and "fiendishness," and can hardly depict coherently what they can see and gather, so outraged has been their manhood and so aroused their righteous wrath.

In China anti-foreign posters picture the brutal foreigners in much the same way (Mr. Moore reports a Chinese poster showing a foreigner stabbing a Chinese girl), and Chinese equivalents of "carnage" and "fiendishness" are as freely used.

Those of us who are old enough to remember those mythical years 1914-1918, and the obscene pictures that the belligerents drew of one another, need not be reminded what effective weapons the "innocent women and children" were in carrying on and winning the war.

Women and children are almost infallible barometers of war psychology and atmosphere. When one group of human beings accuse another of brutally treating and attacking women and children, those with weather eyes know that the two mean business and bad business at that. Let us hope, then, that the women and children will be withdrawn from the front lines (and from the headlines) of the warring propagandists and kept in the safe sanctity of their homes.

New York, April 8 WANG CHI-CHEN

A Solution of the Farm Problem

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have a suggestion to make, simple but fundamental. Discussion of it must be educative, whether or not it is legislatively practicable.

Let farmers and friends of farmers boldly demand that the next Congress declare that whenever the Secretary of the Treasury learns that title to an importation of foreign goods has been obtained by any United States citizen or corporation by definite exchange or barter of United States farm products, the said importation shall be admitted free of duty—provided, however, that the total value of such foreign goods so admitted free of duty in any year shall not exceed the estimated total value of surplus farm products for that year.

This suggestion asks for farmers nothing but an oppor-

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tunity to get goods for goods. No bounty is to be paid; no government subsidy or revolving fund would be needed. It would merely partly compensate the farmers for the general burden to them of the tariff. The plan would stimulate exports and increase rather than decrease employment. The loss of government revenue would not be serious. There would be no price-raising effect upon consumers.

I do not wish especially to be known in connection with this proposal. I am old and living a retired life, and have never had much influence. *The Nation* can give the idea wide publicity, and enlist support for it.

Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, March 14 G. W.

Who Was the Criminal?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is true that the late filibuster in the Senate during its closing days last March was responsible for the failure of the Congress to enact the Urgent Deficiency Bill. It is true that the failure to enact that bill is now responsible for many inconveniences and many injustices in the operation of the executive branches of the Government. But why put all the blame on the "conservative" statesman, David A. Reed of Pennsylvania? Why not let it fall justly also on some "Progressive" statesman?

Look at page 5664 of the *Congressional Record* for March 4. The Urgent Deficiency Bill was being discussed. Unanimous consent for its passage had been requested. The Vice-President said: "Without objection, it is so ordered, and the bill is passed."

Therefore it is clear that at a certain moment the enactment of the bill was accomplished.

But, as you will further note from the passage to which I have invited your attention, Mr. Howell of Nebraska was already addressing the chair and was ejaculating "Mr. President."

The Vice-President thereupon listened to Mr. Howell and heard Mr. Howell object to unanimous consent and was obliged to remark: "The action on the passage of the bill is reconsidered."

Mr. Howell, in the course of objecting to the passage of the bill, spoke bitterly of the hard-heartedness with which the managers of the bill had refused to include in it an appropriation of $12,000,000 for the Missouri River, which is a river extremely interesting to his constituents. Mr. Howell's position was that he would object to the passage of the bill unless he could have an opportunity to endeavor to include the Missouri River within the scope of its beneficences.

I do not criticize him. I only wish to point out that his "progressive" shoulders, as well as the "conservative" shoulders of Mr. David A. Reed, deserve to be loaded with responsibility for participation in the alleged crime—I emphasize the word alleged—of conducting a filibuster.

Washington, D. C., April 3 WILLIAM HARD

Gesegnete Mahlzeit!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Ward's letter in your issue of March 16, it may be of interest to note a variation of the German custom, universally practiced in the Scandinavian countries. As soon as the guests are seated, the host bids them welcome in three words, "Velkommen til bords" ("Welcome to our table"). As they rise from the table, the guests bow to the host and hostess, expressing thanks in the three words, "Tak for maten" ("Thanks for meal"—hospitality).

Chicago, Illinois, March 15 J. C. M. HANSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Equivalent expressions of "Ich wünsche Ihnen eine gesegnete Mahlzeit!" are daily used in China.

Grinnell, Iowa, March 19 FANCHEN LOH

Asking Another

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During my constant correspondence with Eugene V. Debs he sent me the following verse, expressing in a delicate and generous way his feelings toward me:

> Sometimes it's only the lilt of a song
> That brings you back to me;
> Sometimes down in the heart of a flower
> It is your face I see.
> Sometimes the smile of the lifting morn
> Is all your smiling, too.
> Everything glad in the whole wide world
> Seems just a touch of you.

Because this is such a beautiful verse, in addition to the fact that I received it from Debs, I would like to see it printed in *The Nation* asking who was the original poet. Although Debs wrote most delightful letters, I never was informed that he was the author of any original poems.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, March 7 ALBERT M. TODD

"The Massacre at Fort Pillow"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read your article A Hun of the Civil War, referring to the recent death of the Confederate general, John McCausland. You mentioned "the massacre at Fort Pillow." There was no massacre at Fort Pillow. I accompanied General Forrest in all his daring and desperate enterprises. Now that bitterness has gone out of the hearts of the people, permit me to recite the facts, the whole truth, about the capture of Fort Pillow, April 12, 1864.

Soon after his advent into west Tennessee, General Forrest was distressed by well-authenticated instances, repeatedly brought to his notice, of atrocious outrage upon non-combatants by the garrison at Fort Pillow. This garrison consisted of a battalion of whites, commanded by Major Bradford, and a Negro battalion under Major Booth, who commanded the post. Many of Bradford's men were deserters from the Confederate army. Under the pretense of scouring the country for arms and "rebel soldiers," Bradford and his subalterns had traversed the surrounding country with detachments, robbing the people of horses, cattle, beds, wearing apparel, plate, and money, besides venting upon the wives and daughters of Confederate soldiers the most obscene epithets, with two extreme outrages upon the persons of the victims of their hate and lust.

The families of many of Forrest's men had been thus grievously wronged, and many of his officers united with the citizens of the country in petition. Forrest determined to capture or destroy the nest of the marauders.

He reached Fort Pillow at daylight on the morning of April 12. His advanced guard surprised the Federal pickets and captured them. The Federals had six pieces of artillery with a garrison of 580 men. The attack was made soon after sunrise, and the Confederates quickly surrounded the works. Forrest sent into the fort a flag of truce, with the following note:

> As your gallant defense of the fort has entitled you to the treatment of brave men, I demand an unconditional surrender of your force, at the same time assuring you that they will be treated as prisoners of war, this to include Negro soldiers as well as the whites.

The answer, received after some delay, required an hour for consultation with officers. Forrest immediately replied, in writing, that he would give twenty minutes for a decision, and added: "If I am obliged to storm the place, I cannot be responsible for the consequences, so great is the animosity existing between the forces." At this point the smoke of several gunboats was discovered ascending the river, and one of them

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was seen to be crowded with troops. Soon the answer came, written in pencil: "Your demand does not produce the desired effect." Forrest then sent one of his staff officers to say he was anxious to prevent the useless loss of blood, but unless his demand was acceded to he would attack at once. The answer was—"No." Forrest then called to his bugler—"Blow the charge!" and the hungry, ragged Confederates, leaping headlong into the ditch, clambered over the breastwork, opening from its crest a fearful converging fire upon the garrison.

At a prearranged signal the garrison, en masse, white and black, with arms in their hands, broke for a place of refuge under the bluff where they had been led to expect naval aid. As they sped down the precipitous bank they turned repeatedly to return the fire. But the Confederate fire was deadly, and some three hundred fell before reaching safety. The gunboats failed to give any assistance. The naval commander kept his vessels at a safe distance and many of the Federals threw themselves into the river and were drowned.

There was no surrender. The garrison did not yield, did not lay down arms, nor draw down their flag; with arms still in hand, they fled toward another position, and while on the way returned the fire of their pursuers. Generals Forrest and Chalmers, with their staff officers, rushed among the men and signaled to stop fire; all allegations to the contrary are malicious inventions, started, nurtured, and accredited at a time of and through a sentiment of strong sectional animosity.

Among the prisoners was Major Bradford, the commanding officer of the post, after the death of Major Booth. He was temporarily paroled to supervise the burial of his brother, after which, under a pledge not to attempt to escape, he was placed for the night in the custody of Colonel Robert McCulloch, who gave him a bed in his own quarters and shared with him his supper. This trust Major Bradford violated; while his host was asleep he escaped.

The wounded of both sides were placed under shelter and the care of Confederate surgeons. The Federal wounded, black and white, received prompt surgical attendance. The following day General Chalmers signaled a passing transport and transferred to the cabin seventy wounded officers and men, white and black.

New Orleans, Louisiana, February 14 JAMES DINKINS

Help Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps one of your readers may be able to suggest what a middle-aged woman who has lost her hearing could do to add to her resources. Highly intelligent and educated, a lip-reader, able to write and typewrite, knowing German and some French, having some business experience, she is unable to find any work suited to her capabilities, because of her handicap.

New York, March 23 F. DEMAN

Put Him on the Free List?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please do not send me your magazine for another year. If I had to face the prospect of reading your magazine for another year I should hang myself.

Los Angeles, March 17 HENRY MUGRIDGE

Hail, Old Timer!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I inclose my subscription for the coming year. I first began to read *The Nation* in 1865, so you see I am among the most ancient of its clientele. Keep up the fight for liberty in all of its phases. More power to your pens!

Lansing, Michigan, March 19 JOHN F. CROTTY

Young China

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Associate Editor of *The Nation*

"Young China" gives in fifty pages the background against which China's historic struggle is being enacted. It contains interviews with Chiang Kai-shek, the Cantonese General, and with Soviet agents in North and South China; conversations with American and British officials, missionaries, and the student leaders of the Nationalist movement fresh from American universities.

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International Relations Section

American Imperialism in Chile

By ARNOLD ROLLER

AND now Chile has been added to the growing array of frankly dictator-ruled countries. On February 9 Colonel Carlos Ibañez succeeded by the mere threat of a military revolt in forcing the Government, in which he was Minister of War and Interior, to abdicate. He deported the liberal Premier, named himself as successor, and also retained the Ministry of the Interior. On April 7 he had himself appointed Vice-President also, after forcing the temporary retirement of President Figueroa Larrain.

The coup ends a brief democratic regime in Chile inaugurated in January, 1925, when the workers helped the young liberal army officers, headed by Colonel Ibañez, to oust the reactionary military dictatorship of Altamirano.

Upon assuming the role of dictator the first act of Ibañez was to arrest, imprison, and exile all his opponents. He defied the constitution, disregarded parliamentary immunities, choked off court protests. He suppressed the Communist press, six dailies in all. He arrested and deported Conservative as well as Liberal and Communist Deputies and Senators, including the ex-president of the Chamber of Deputies, who is also the owner of the largest conservative daily of Chile (*El Diario Ilustrado*), the Communist Senator Manuel Hidalgo, and the Communist Deputy Luis Cruz, head of the Chilean Labor Federation. Not only did Ibañez completely ignore the protest of the Supreme Court against the disregard of constitutional immunities and against these deportations, but he had Felipe Urzua, president of the Court of Appeals, deported also, and later he even arrested the president of the Supreme Court, Javier Figueroa, the brother of the President of the republic. The bourgeois opponents of Ibañez, together with the Communist Senator and a few other members of Parliament, were deported to Ecuador, while 300 Communist workers were sent to the Island Más-a-fuera, belonging to the group of the Juan Fernandez Islands in the Pacific about 500 miles from the mainland. There are no houses on this island, and the deported men had to take along building material and seeds for sowing the next year's crop.

Ibañez not only struck at the class-conscious workers and the feudal and clerical interests of the landed aristocracy, but also against certain liberals representing the native financial and mining interests. Thus he appeared to be opposed to and by everybody—conservative aristocracy, liberal industrialists, and Communists. Who, then, are the new Prime Minister's friends? Who pulled the strings and paid the bills? Where did Ibañez draw the courage and assurance to antagonize so many elements? According to all dispatches, this new Fascist Ibañez regime is supported by the "Democrats," representing the petty-bourgeois elements, and also by a part of the "radical" Deputies; both representing the extreme left wing of the bourgeois parties. The "Democrats" were the precursors of the Chilean Socialist Party, which later became the Communist Party. Many of the most important leaders of the Communist Party and also the founder of the party, Racabarren, came from this "Democratic" Party which finds its adherents mostly among the unorganized and unskilled workers. Though one of the leaders of the "Radical" Party, Santiago La Barca (not to be mistaken for the Communist Deputy Contreras Labarca), was deported for opposing Ibañez, the majority of the party supports Ibañez. Ibañez is mainly supported by the army officers, who are mostly sons of the petty bourgeoisie, and who two years ago played a "revolutionary" role against the navy officers, who are mostly sons of the aristocracy, and by the unorganized workers and the "Democrats," whose strength has greatly declined. Thus an analogy with the "popular" support of Italian Fascism is established.

There remains the question as to the financial support of the Ibañez regime. This question seems to be answered by the statement made on March 7 by Ibañez's Minister of Finance, in which he attacked the native nitrate magnates, accusing them of having forced the nitrate industry to a crisis in order to compel the Government to reduce or eliminate the export tax. He threatened that "any further movement seeking to force such action will be taken as directed against the state." "By lowering the sales price and cutting the prices," the statement continues, "the magnates could have kept their plants open during 1926, but they preferred to suspend operations, depriving the Government of 100,000,000 pesos (about $12,500,000) in export duties and occasioning a loss to the country of 30,000,000 pesos ($4,750,000) monthly in salaries, meanwhile trying to blame the tax for the paralyzation of the industry." The statement concludes with the words: "The plants must renew operations because the country demands it."

In fact, the nitrate situation was almost disastrous for the Government. The export taxes on nitrates formed more than half, and in 1916 80 per cent of all government revenues. But the estimated production for 1927 would have netted the Government not more than 17 per cent. In 1890 Chile supplied 80 per cent of the world's nitrogen and only 20 per cent in 1926.

This statement is accompanied by another: That "the Government is fighting a political oligarchy which would enable the privileged classes to thrive on public misery" and that it was "necessary to save the country from the Bolshevist danger and simultaneously put an end to the governing class, which through its methods made the people eager recruits to the Communist cause."

The explanation of this hitting high and low may be found in two facts. In the same demagogic declaration "against the oligarchy and the governing class" it was announced that the Government considered it necessary to establish a new sales system in the nitrate industry, abolishing the limitation of production, and that after June 30 the present system would not be continued. The second fact is that the American Guggenheim interests acquired immense nitrate tracts from the Chilean Government and had secured control of one of the largest British nitrate companies, which will operate under the name Anglo-Chilean Consolidated Nitrate Company with new processes suitable for large-scale production in competition with the German synthetic nitrate.

Hitherto the quantity of nitrate which each company might sell has been determined by the Nitrate Producers Association, in which native Chilean and British capital was largely represented. The Chilean and British nitrate producers were attempting to limit the production of Guggenheim, who had asked for an allotment corresponding to one-third of the total output of Chile, and whose

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improved processes threatened to ruin the native producers. As early as November, 1926, a bulletin of the United States Department of Commerce predicted that the Nitrate Producers Association would refuse to grant this allotment to the Guggenheims; but that by July, 1927, the association would be dissolved, leaving the American company unhampered thereafter.

Ibañez fulfilled the "prophecy" of the United States Department of Commerce to the exact date. He announces that restrictions on nitrate production will be abolished on June 30. Thus the new Chilean Government, which calls itself "the nationalist Government of Chile"—abandoning all old party denominations—prepares the ground for the unhampered exploitation of the workers by American capital, by destroying all labor organizations and at the same time betrays the interests of the native Chilean industrialists to American capital. Nothing is now in the way of cheap production of nitrates.

At the same time, the American State Department, which shows such sensitiveness in regard to parliamentary forms and constitutional usurpations in Nicaragua, announced that the Ibañez coup did not affect American interests unfavorably in Chile.

As in most Latin-American countries, British capital, which entered earlier than the American, is generally allied with the feudal landlords and clericals, whose power Ibañez is also trying to curtail. Thus the program of Ibañez represents a triple victory for American imperialism, against the Chilean workers, against the Chilean industrialists, and against British imperialism.

Civil Liberties in Poland

THE following account of the suppression of civil liberties in Poland, based on documentary sources, comprises a part of a pamphlet to be issued shortly by the International Committee for Political Prisoners, 2 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

Freedom of Worship

"Freedom of conscience and religion is guaranteed to all citizens. . . . Every religious community recognized by the state has the right of organizing collective and public services; it may conduct independently its internal affairs; it may possess and acquire movable and immovable property, administer and dispose of it; it remains in possession and enjoyment of its endowments and funds, and of religious, educational, and charitable institutions. . . ." (Polish Constitution, adopted March 17, 1921.)

According to an official report to the government by the Polish conservative publicist, Srokowski, up to 1923 over 500 Orthodox churches in the Ukrainian and White Russian provinces of Poland were seized by Polish authorities and delivered to the Roman Catholic clergy. Most of them have been transformed into Roman Catholic churches, some were closed entirely. Orthodox bishops have been imprisoned, interned in monasteries, exiled or replaced by appointees of the government.

In Kholmland alone—the westernmost Ukrainian province under Polish rule—"of 287 Eastern Orthodox churches which existed there since time immemorial, 237 have been forcibly taken away from the Ukrainian population." Many more seizures were made during the last three years, the regular proceeding being like this typical case. "The church of Stuzyca, district of Lublin, was built in 1870, the cost of building as well as procuring the site having been borne entirely by the members of the local Eastern Orthodox congregation. This congregation has now 1,850 members. However, on May 11, 1924, this church was occupied by Catholic priests and their parishioners, whom they had been openly instigating against their non-Catholic neighbors. The invaders were accompanied and assisted by the state police, and when the members of the Orthodox congregation tried to defend their church the police beat them up, pulled the women by the hair, and threw them down the church steps. The mounted policemen forced themselves among the crowd and trampled down many men, women, and children."

In many cases, blood was shed and scenes of medieval fanaticism and horrors were revived.

All complaints of the injured congregations have been as yet in vain. They can not reclaim their properties or seek redress in court, because, by the decrees of December 16, 1918, and July 9, 1921, the Polish government has assumed the legal guardianship of all properties of the Eastern Orthodox Church in Poland, and the government alone could be the plaintiff in any court.

The Roman Catholic religion, to which the constitution of Poland grants only the "chief position among enfranchised religions," is actually the state religion. The Catholic church is supported by public taxation and has many sovereign privileges with regard to the administration of justice and to public education. As "the faith of the nation," the Catholic religion is forced upon the heterodox population of Poland.

Instruction in religion being compulsory in every educational institution for all pupils under eighteen years of age, in hundreds of public schools Ukrainian and White Russian children are forced to go to Roman Catholic churches. The same situation prevails in state-supported children's homes and orphanages.

Free Speech

"Every citizen has the right to express freely his idea and convictions in so far as he does not thereby violate legal provisions." (Polish Constitution.)

By a decree issued in January, 1919, the Communist Party of Poland was declared illegal and has remained illegal ever since. The "Communist Parliamentary Faction," consisting now of six members, is the only group in Poland which, thanks to parliamentary immunity, may use that name. All Communist organizations, publications, and propaganda activities have been suppressed. Possession or distribution of Communist literature, public utterances which may be construed as Communist propaganda, and membership in what may be termed an organization of Communist tendencies are characterized by the Polish political police and by the courts as crimes punishable under the old codes of law of Czarist Russia, defining all kinds of activities directed at the overthrow of the existing social and political order. Month after month, penalties ranging from one to six years' imprisonment are imposed on Communists, Communist sympathizers, and alleged Communists in Poland. According to the Warsaw "Chronicle of Repressions," the record of political trials held before the Polish courts of law during the month of April, 1926, shows a total of 34 trials, 280 persons tried, and 108 found guilty and sentenced to a total of 273 years' imprisonment. The same publication lists also several hundred arrests made in April. Although the proximity of May Day might have spurred the police and the courts of Poland to an anti-Communist drive, some of the heavy penalties meted out in April are not unusual. In 1924 Paul Sierankiewicz, editor of *Plug*, a radical weekly, was tried on a charge of membership in the Communist Party and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The evidence was supplied by the Krakow police, who had found at the door of Sierankiewicz's apartment a parcel containing Communist pamphlets. He was not at home when they were found, and nobody could tell who had left them there.

The following is not an unusual news item: "On April 1[5] fourteen young men and women went to trial before the district court of Luck, the public prosecutor charging them with having formed, in 1924, a so-called Komsomol, or organization of Communist youth. The defendants are pupils of the Ukrainian gymansiums (high school) in Luck. At the hearing in court they complained that when examined by the state police the[y]

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had been beaten up and forced to sign confessions. The trial lasted three days. Seven of the accused were acquitted; five boys were sentenced to eight years' imprisonment at hard labor; two girls of sixteen received sentences of four years. The prison terms do not include the 19 months they spent in jail awaiting trial." (*Kurjer Warszawski*, Warsaw, April 16, 1926.)

"On November 8, 1926, the peasants Michael Bily of Berezowicia and Omelan Jackminsky of Ostrow were put on trial before the District Court of Ternopol, the public prosecutor charging them with subversive activities against the government. Two books on Communism, which had been found in Bily's house, were presented as evidence. The charge against Jackminsky was that he had transported a package containing Communist proclamations. At the trial Bily testified that he never was a member of the Communist Party, and never was a propagandist. He had the two Communist books among many others on political and social subjects in which he was interested. Jachminsky admitted that while in town he had been requested by a man he did not know to turn over a parcel to his neighbor Antkow, which was no unusual request to be put up to a farmer who had come to town, and which he did without unwrapping the parcel. Although actually no definite offense could be established, the jury—all Poles, two of them leaseholders of big estates—brought in against Bily a verdict of guilty of treason against the state, and the court sentenced him to death on the gallows. Jachminsky was punished with one year's imprisonment only." (*Dilo*, Lvov, November 11, 1926.)

While in Poland proper only Communist and near-Communist beliefs and activities are systematically suppressed, the policy of suppression is intensified with the distance from Warsaw. In the outlying district Polish peasants are oppressed, Socialists are gagged, and in the Eastern provinces the "national minorities" are persecuted, regardless of their political beliefs or activities. Thousands of secret agents, confidential informers, and agents-provocateurs are employed by the *Defenzywa*—political police—to uncover secret organizations. The alleged secrecy is accepted by the courts as plain evidence of criminal dealings. The proximity of Soviet Russia and the racial kinship of "Polish" Ukrainians and White Russians with the people across the border make a Soviet connection or Communist leanings appear plausible even when they are supported by nothing but the depositions of the police officers who accused them. Expressions of political or social discontent, objections to the policy of the Polish government or the local administrations, the outcry of a peasant whose land has been seized by military colonists, are just as likely to fall under the Austrian high treason law or the subversive activities provisions of the old Czarist code.

Freedom of the Press

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed. Censorship, or the system of licensing printed matter, may not be introduced. Daily papers and other matter printed in the country may not be debarred from the mails, nor may their dissemination on the territory of the republic be restricted." (Polish Constitution, Article 105.)

The Secretary of the Interior, the provincial governors (Voyevods), and the police can delete partially or totally, suspend or suppress any publication. The function of deletion is called "confiscation." Their decisions must be executed irrespective of the right of appeal, and when appealed, they are ratified by the courts almost automatically. Moreover, the editor may be prosecuted under the old Russian law. But while in old Russia press offenders were punished with incarceration in a special prison for politicals, now in Poland they go to the regular prisons, and in addition suffer the loss of citizenship rights.

In Galicia, a former province of Austria, the "Imperial Royal Press Statute" of 1862 is still in force. It provides an advance censorship, with the prosecuting attorneys as the "censors in press matters," who must read every publication before it may be circulated. They may delete and prosecute. A paper may be totally suppressed by the police.

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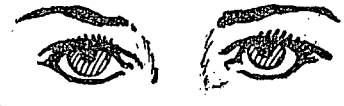

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By these means, the organs of all the radical trade unions have been suppressed. The Communist press has been reduced to a few "sympathetic" sheets, hardly fit to survive, so colorless are they. In 1924 the weekly *Wycinki* (clippings), which had been reprinting only censored news from other newspapers, was suppressed on the ground that its "assortment of clippings showed a marked tendency." In the provinces the independent peasant press and even the organs of the Polish Socialist Party, which is generally not unfriendly and often very friendly to the Polish government, suffer "confiscations" calculated to ruin a publication both politically and financially. The post offices supply the police with mailing lists of the radical and opposition press.

The amount of freedom enjoyed by the "national minorities" papers may be estimated from the following figures, showing the confiscations by the District Attorney of Lvov of Ukrainian political papers during the first nine months of 1926:

	Issue confiscated	Not confiscated
Dilo	93	122
Rada	53	17
Nowy Czas	48	20
Hromadsky Holos	31	7

No Ukrainian paper is allowed to exist in Volhynia, a province of Poland with 1,500,000 Ukrainian inhabitants, constituting over 80 per cent of the total population.

Freedom of Assemblage

"Citizens have the right of combining, meeting, and forming associations and unions. The exercise of these rights is defined by statutes." (Polish Constitution, Article 108.)

In cities the police and in rural districts the Starosta (chief of the county administration) must be notified weeks in advance about the time, the place, and the purpose of every public meeting. According to a decree issued during the war, they may even require the text of addresses to be made. No notification is necessary in cases of so-called meetings for "invited guests," but they must gather behind closed doors, and the police may enter the premises—to make certain that everybody present has a written invitation and that the person who issued the invitations knows every "guest." Thus, for instance, the last convention of the Radical Peasant Party (1926)—a legal political organization which has been in existence for over thirty years—was raided and dispersed by the police of Lvov three times in one day. Practically the entire time of the convention was taken up by the police scrutinizing the letters of invitation and by the party secretary issuing new invitations to the delegates to meet in some other place—to be raided again.

Under the general right to forbid a public meeting, the authorities in rural districts do so frequently under the pretext of an "epidemic prevailing in the vicinity." It may be typhoid fever, or smallpox, or glanders, or a disease of the cattle, or "a contagious disease" in general, and the infected "vicinity" may be hundreds of miles off. The epidemic, real or imaginary, works only against political meetings and never interferes with religious pilgrimages, official parades, or even county fairs.

In both cities and villages public meetings are being forbidden on the ground that they "may endanger public safety," or "peace and order." Often the answer to an application simply is that "permission to hold a meeting is refused," and this is final.

In cities the right of peaceful assemblage is practically nullified in times of strikes. For "reasons of public safety," no permits are issued for strike meetings, and if the strikers meet without permission the illegal gathering is scattered by the police and by the military. As a rule, strikes in Poland are suppressed by armed force, wholesale arrests, and police terror, and, moreover, in many cases strikers are prosecuted under the anti-strike articles of the old Russian penal code. In those parts of Poland in which Russian law is not applied, the German and Austrian acts against violence and against resisting public authorities are used. The unemployed, always very numerous in Poland, are never permitted to meet peacefully and to discuss their grievances. The proximity of Soviet Russia always gives a good excuse for invading constitutional liberties for reasons of public safety.

Radical trade unions and workers' professional organizations are subject to incessant police persecutions. Their locals are searched over and over again, and for the most trifling reasons padlocked by the police. Trade-union secretaries live in constant danger of arrest, and when a strike comes or an unemployment crisis is imminent, they are invariably arrested. Twenty-six trade unions, with all local branches, were dissolved in the course of one year, 1924. During the first six months of 1925 the police of Warsaw suppressed the organization of the building trades, leather workers, tobacco workers, cloakmakers, and commercial employees; the union quarters were seized by the police. The dissolution has to be decreed by a court, but court action in such cases is considered a mere technicality. The proceeding at the industrial court session is secret, the defendant union is not represented by counsel, and the police reports and the testimony of *Defenzywa* agents form the basis for the decision of the court, which simply sanctions what has already been done by the police.

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What Made These Women "Modern"?

The thirteenth article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will analyze these articles for The Nation, *in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's attitude toward men, marriage, children, and jobs.*

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Anthony, Katharine. Memoirs of Empress Catherine II. Knopf. $5.
Asbury, Herbert. A Methodist Saint. Knopf. $5.
Barthou, Louis. "I, Who Adore . . ." New Aspects in the Life of Richard Wagner. Duffield. $2.50.
Baumann, Emile. Saint Paul. Putnam. $3.50.
Beasley, Pierce. Michael Collins. 2 vols. Harper. $10.
Belloc, Hilaire. Robespierre. Putnam.
Benjamin, René. Balzac. Knopf. $5.
Best, M. A. Thomas Paine: Prophet and Martyr of Democracy. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Brewster, E. H. The Life of Gotama the Buddha. Dutton. $4.
Broun, Heywood, and Leech, Margaret. Anthony Comstock. A. and C. Boni. $3.
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Spring Book Section

Poems *by* Clinch Calkins

The Skater

He cuts parabolas upon the ice
And flees his fellows on swift wings of steel—
Is caught, and with elaborate device
He proudly patterns out an eight, a wheel.

His merry laughter from its yarny nest
Flies warm upon the air. His mittened hands
Hotly unfasten his young crimson vest—
The ice remains unmelted where he stands.

Children of Earth, laugh not so loud,
White on the bitter night
Your breath is but a cloud.

Oh Lad So Passionate

Oh lad, so passionate, so full of dreaming
Never there was and never will be hereafter.
I knew this when I let him hear my laughter,
I knew this when I let him hear me crying,
I knew this when he laid his sighing mouth
On my mouth's sighing.

More golden youths may come, golden and gleaming
And one may lay his ear upon my sighing,
And one may still my cries with his mouth's crying;
But never a lad to set the heart aflying!
But never a lad to set the heart aflying!

I Sometimes Think

I sometimes think I know how I shall die,
Since I have little time to spare for dying.
A winter day my pretty mare and I
Shall walk into a wood and come out flying—
Startled by some wild animal's queer crying.

And over hills blue heliotrope with cold,
She'll take a course to make a meteor wonder.
A lemon west; a little moon of gold,
And, knowing my heart, my heartless mare there, under,
Running the miles until my knees lose hold
And I shall lie quite limp beside a wall—
My horse too far away to hear me fall.

The Tree of Heaven

Noon bares the bole of the diurnal tree.
Young leaves of twilight clothe its boughs around.
Stars spread ephemeral bloom eternally.
Dawn, like a ripe fruit, drops without a sound.

Tribute

The night is storming in the trees,
The night is raging on the plain;
The night is raising high the seas
And raining in the hearts of men.

Oh martyr, feel again the stone
And drink again the hemlock cup!
Oh Christ be crucified again
And from the grave be taken up!
If giving once will not suffice,
Give twice!

For breath that man must draw alone
Is one death ample to atone?
Yes. So it be his own, his own.

Old Men

I. WAITING IN LINE

Old man with tired cheeks—
Old man with tired, stretched cheeks,
Do not despair!
Do not look so weary of waiting in line;
It grows shorter in front of you.
Your turn will come soon.

If some thoughtless, lusty youth
Jostles you aside,
Jealous of your place,
He will not be given your rest.
It is not for rest that he will be asking.
No. The rest will be saved for old men.
Old men can make use of all rest.

II. LOOK BACK

See the old man coming out of the old house.
He bends over.
I think he is searching for the present.
His friends have told him that it is the same as the past—
The same rain, the same sun, and that the trees are as beautiful as they once were.

I think his bright eyes see even no grayness in the rain.
To him also it is only wet.
The sun has no shining, only heat, and not enough of that to warm his bones.

How like skeletons the trees are. The flesh of their beauty has been corrupted.
It is fall. He cannot find the path with his stick because of the leaves.
Look back! Is he coming? Do not let him follow me. I cannot lead him.
I follow the blind trails
That are marked falsely, and at the end of them I am brought short.
Leave me and lead him, my friend. Go back and take his hand,
Show him the road to the new country where the past is.

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Thwacks from the Motherland

By H. L. MENCKEN

MR. C. E. M. JOAD prefaces a terrific philippic against all things American* with a disarming quotation from the late F. Giordano Bruno: "Se non è vero, è ben trovato." He needs it, for he confesses that he "has not had the privilege of visiting the United States," and the fact is visible on almost every page of his book. Much of the evidence he relies on, indeed, seems to have been derived from the travelers' tales of returning English actors, baffled English lecturers, and the more humorous and ingenious members of the corps of cabin-stewards of the Cunard line. Thus, on page 83, he begins a long diatribe with the postulate that "the films are the literature of America"—which is to say, the *only* literature—and on page 89 he permits himself the grave announcement that the lamented J. Gordon Cooglar was "the one famous Southern American poet." The one criterion of eminence in the Republic, according to the agents he appears to trust, is money. "The artist, the scientist, the musician, the statesman, and the author are held of no account unless their claims to consideration are backed by money." A rich man, regardless of his private virtue, "is king of any company he chooses to enter." This preeminence, it seems, takes on a transcendental character, and so works miracles. "Thus a rich man who had lost his eye recently purchased another from a poor man, the transfer of optics being hailed as a marvel of medical science." And no wonder!

But it is not necessary to swallow all of Mr. Joad's evidence in order to discuss his conclusions. They are, in brief, that the machine civilization which now threatens the whole world has reached its highest development in the United States, that the influence of American gold is rapidly extending it, and that if its proliferation is not checked it will destroy most of the values that men have cherished for ten thousand years. I see nothing against reason here. The facts, in truth, are apparent to everyone, and even some of the most startling testimony that Mr. Joad introduces, though it is not true, is at least consonant with what is. We have surely not yet come to the pass that "a rich man is king of any company he chooses to enter," but we have certainly developed a respect for mere money which goes far beyond the bounds of the seemly and ordinate. I know of no other country in which the hollow imbecilities of a Judge Gary would get the respect they get here, nor in which so preposterous a vacuum as Mr. Mellon would be venerated as a great statesman. The English also bend the knee to men of money, and so do the Germans and the French, but they have not yet come to the point of mistaking them for philosophers. The English had a fair chance to venerate Otto H. Kahn, but seem to have muffed him. The Germans read Henry Ford, but do not confuse him with Mommsen and Goethe. The French, I fear, if Charlie Schwab went to live and make speeches among them, would regard him as a comic character. Even the Portuguese, Serbs, Rumanians, and Greeks would probably laugh at Cal.

Thus Mr. Joad is often right in essence, even when he is wrong in his specification. It is not true, literally, that J. Gordon Cooglar was "the one famous Southern American poet," but nevertheless there is an inner plausibility in the dictum that makes it somehow disconcerting: if the majority of Southern fanciers had their way it *would* be true. Similarly, it is not true, literally, that the dreadful bilge of the movie-parlors is the only American literature now in being, but there remains an uncomfortable possibility that it may be true on some not distant tomorrow. Try to put together a list of American imaginative authors, all of the first chop, who have never taken the film shilling. I can think of Cabell and Sherwood Anderson, but there I begin to wabble; the complete roster is surely not long. The rest of the scrivening boys and girls have all submitted to the loathsome embraces of the Hollywood art-fosterers. The effects of this psychic fornication are not concealed from Mr. Joad's atrabilious eyes. The movie rubber-stamp, he observes, begins to show itself upon even the swellest varieties of our national swell letters. The self-same novelists who, but a decade and a half ago, swore upon Alps of Bibles (and meant it) that they'd never yield to the foul caresses of Hamilton Wright Mabie and Anthony Comstock—these same novelists, planning their masterpieces today, find it a sheer impossibility to rid themselves of sneaking, Freudian thoughts of Gloria Swanson and Jack Gilbert. It is sad, but it is *vero*.

Such sadnesses fill Mr. Joad's tome—an instructive work, but extremely depressing. Purge it of all its errors of fact—some of them really shocking—and its general thesis remains defensible. More, its general thesis remains a fair statement of the view of the republic held by civilized Europeans. That view is not only critical; it is downright indignant. We are, it appears, not only a nation of barbarians; we are actually hard to distinguish from criminals. Unless we are dissuaded from our course by remonstrance, and, if remonstrance fails, by a resort to *force majeure*, the civilization that men have been struggling for since the dawn of history will go to pot. The wisdom of Judge Gary will supplant that of Plato and Aristotle; Henry Ford will displace Thucydides; Luther and St. Francis will be shelved for the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday and the beauteous Aimée Semple McPherson; the epic and the sonnet will be alike engulfed by the scenario; the whole world will wear Arrow collars, eat Uneeda biscuits, and read the *Saturday Evening Post*. I do not argue that these transformations are sure to come to pass; I merely report that a fear of them is widespread in the world. Mr. Joad simply puts into a convenient book, weighing exactly one pound (it is printed on feather-weight paper), what gnaws at the hearts of hundreds of thousands of the European intelligentsia. One cannot pick up an English newspaper without getting some flavor of that dread and indignation. It is an ironical situation, and no doubt full of lessons for specialists in the historical and ethical sciences. The Yankee saved civilization, and now civilization damns him to Hell. He put down the accursed Hun, and now the Hun, compared to him, becomes an archangel. As a professional patriot I resent all this. But on days when my patriotism passes a dividend I confess that I am consoled by certain pizzicato snickers, or, as they say in the Motherland, sniggers.

* "The Babbitt Warren." By C. E. M. Joad. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

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Yiddish: Our Literary Dominion

By ALTER BRODY

IN the last decade and a half so many Jewish names have appeared on the American literary scene that they have agglutinated into a more or less well-defined Jewish province on some critical maps. As it contained critics of its own, tags were not found wanting for the group, on which were inscribed mystic mottoes such as "Hebraic Power," "Biblical Simplicity," "Prophetic Passion"; and from time to time articles appear about the American Jewish Poets, the American Jewish Fiction, by the American Jewish Critics. To which none of the poets or novelists in question takes exception—for what artist would go out of his way to deny that he had prophetic passion, Biblical simplicity, or power of whatever nationality? And so, while there is a general awareness of the existence of another American Jewish literature, in Yiddish, it has come to be accepted as a supplementary exhibit, of interest only to the specially inquisitive, like objects in the family curio cabinet.

To this East Broadway can hardly be expected to subscribe. Just as once, in things communal, it regarded itself as the Sanhedrin of American Judea, and took no notice of self-appointed "Jewish Committees" from "Uptown," so at present, in things literary, it regards its Anglicized expatriates as outsiders, with no share in the body of Jewish culture, which, it insists, is and must be Yiddish. In the teeth of all the gloomy croaking about the inevitable demise of Yiddish, it nails its flag to the mast and maintains, in the words of the Yiddish critic Niger: "If Yiddish should ever become a language without children, the Jews will be children without a language for their *Jewish* thoughts and emotions."

Though I find my own portion in Israel thus questioned, I must confess this dictum sounds like good anthropology to me. Modern anthropology has long since torn to tatters the romantic mysticism of inherited racial traits, upon which a non-Yiddish Judaism must be built. There are omniscient critics who can tell at a glance the "Jewishness" of any poem or picture; but biochemistry has not as yet isolated "Jewish blood," and to date anthropology seems content with the conclusion that the inheritance of racial traits is solely through the non-biological machinery of the lingual-cultural-political-geographical organism called a nation. In the case of the Jews, who have for some eighteen centuries been without a geographical-political reservoir for the preservation of racial traits, the lingual and religious conduits are the only ones left. In so far as contemporary Judea can be bounded at all, it is by the walls of the Ghetto and by the Yiddish language. When the Jew leaves the Ghetto and stops speaking Yiddish he loses definability. Certainly he cannot identify himself by a book that St. Paul, Martin Luther, and the American Bible Society have made pretty nearly everybody's property. Not a very "broad" point of view, but how else can one explain the almost religious faith with which a considerable group of brilliant young writers, many of them products of American schools and colleges, cling to an obscure German dialect which has been the vernacular of the bulk of the Jewish nation for a longer period than Hebrew?

But its literary history, particularly in America, is comparatively brief. Here, in uncanny foreshortening, is a literature that has gone through its archaic, classic, romantic, and decadent periods in less than half a century; some of whose early primitives are still alive and able to argue in the cafe with their ultimate decadent successors. Like American literature it has ties to a mother tongue and a mother literature across the sea; but at the outset its new background stamped it with a character of its own.

This background, it must be admitted, was not as fertile as the one it left behind. The first Russo-Jewish writers, whom a wave of "back to the people" brought to Yiddish, may have had a poor opinion of it as a literary medium. But actually they started under circumstances as auspicious as any of the major European literatures. The thousand little Jewish towns thickly sown in the Pale formed a compact, continuous body—the nearest approach to a country that the Jews have had since they were driven out of Palestine. Though Jewish life there was urban, as in America the wives and daughters of the artisans and petty tradesmen of the Pale, barred from the study of Hebrew and the law and kept in ignorance and submission by their husbands, grew up into a simple but imaginative peasantry—which is the life-blood of all language. A woman's tongue the scholars of the Ghetto called it, contemptuously. But that's why it is so delightfully garrulous and wayward, sung rather than spoken, with rhythm for grammar; that's why the Yiddish folk-songs are almost all feminine—either plaintive lullabies or love songs full of the suppressed skittishness of the brief Ghetto girlhood. When the fathers of Yiddish literature took it in hand to make of it an up-to-date literary medium, the genius of the folk speech squirmed through their fingers and gave their work a whimsicality and extravaganza that was not in the realistic Russian models they had in mind.

In America the Yiddish writers were all too successful in that object. They brought with them a language already "refined" in Russia; and the intellectual proletariat of the East Side—the most serious in the world—was not in the mood for idle fancies. Their folk-songs were the sweatshop lyrics of Rosenfeld and the socialistic verse of Winchefsky; and in prose what they wanted was "a slice of life." So did their sweethearts and fellow-workers, equally class-conscious and intellectual, whose highest recommendation was that "they understood life." There were their mothers and grandmothers, still incurably romantic under their bewigged piety. The orthodox journals ministered to them. To this day one may observe wizened matriarchs of the Ghetto bending solemnly over "An Absorbing Mystery of Life in the Royal Court" in an occasional idle hour. But the orthodox papers were aesthetically unimportant. The stage was set ideally for a school of remorseless realism, with an audience that did not wince at the rawest revelations. And so it came to pass that when Stephen Crane died it was on the despised East Side, all unknown to America, that the gap between "The Red Badge of Courage" and "Sister Carrie" was filled—by Kobrin, Pinsky, Libin, and others. Long before Sinclair Lewis founded the Babbitt-baiting school of literature, Kobrin wrote his novel "Orah of the Beard," an analysis of a Brownsville Babbitt. Abraham Cahan, however, editor of the *Forward*, and thus foster-father of so much of Yiddish literature, had himself no confidence in the permanence of the language; and the result was that "The Rise of David Levinsky," an integral part of Yiddish realism, was written in English—to startle an American public not yet accustomed to such work.

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When the war broke out the local school was for a time almost overshadowed by distinguished refugees from Europe—Asch, Raisen, Hirschbein, Jonah Rosenfeld—but though these readily assimilated the American scene, they are only partially American. Asch is perhaps the most important figure in international Yiddish literature, and his American and European work exemplify both branches of the literature. In his earlier, European career he produced "Motke the Vagabond," a novel as fanciful and as folk-flavored as Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World." In America he wrote "Uncle Moses," merely a more powerful study of Babbittry than "Orah of the Beard."

American Yiddish literature is a chapter of "proletcult" that might interest Soviet aestheticians. Most of the Yiddish writers were factory workers and almost all their readers were; some of the younger writers still divide their time between literature and the shop. One result is that the East Side of Yiddish literature is hopelessly lacking in the "picturesqueness" that characterizes it in American fiction. It is not written for literary slummers. "O wad some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us" is not always sound artistically. The Yiddish writers fortunately did not have to take into account "how others see us." Addressing a public to whom the East Side was not in itself interesting, and unable to delineate the Jewishness of their characters by the means of Yidgin English, they had to depend on psychology rather than spelling. Translations of Yiddish novels, therefore, seem surprisingly un-Jewish. Like Sherwood Anderson and others who strike bottom psychologically, they attract the accusation of "Russian." A representative series of translations would open up a panorama of Jewish life that would be refreshing to an American public fed up on stage Jews. It would not give us The Jew, but perhaps—Jews.

In poetry Yiddish lagged for a long time behind its prose—repeating the phenomenon of nineteenth-century Russian literature, of a Byronic falsetto in verse existing side by side with a prose naturalism. Strange that the Yiddish poets, whose illiterate ancestors the *Badchans* (wedding minstrels) had developed in Europe a balladry as lyrical as Elizabethan song, and whose descendants play such an important part in our "Negro" jazz, have themselves shown no capacity for rhythm beyond following the mechanics of meter. Only recently under the impact of the new American poetry did the younger Yiddish poetry find its natural voice. But of many talented younger poets Mannie-Laib is the only one combining naturalness with music.

It is the work of these younger men in prose as well as verse that is worth watching, for its own sake and for the crucial drifts which are sweeping through it. As Yiddish life is moving out of the Ghetto mold which shaped it the newer Yiddish literature is faithfully following, even though it be to its death. Finding themselves in a surge of alien forces, the younger Yiddish writers are valiantly striving to master them and make them their own before they are mastered by them. So that on the covers of recent Yiddish books one deciphers in Hebrew lettering such titles as "Kentucky Poems" (by I. Schwartz), "New England" and "The Far West" (by Raboy), "America" (by Chester). Different books and different men, but what unites them all is the almost physical passion with which they hug the American landscape, its trees, its flowers, its animals, its people, and above all the soil itself; as if the suppressed soil hunger of two thousand years had suddenly overflowed in them and filled them with one thought: to root themselves into it, and become as native to it as the trees. This is less evident in a psychologist like Opatashu. But in "Races," his latest collection of stories, the Jew plays but a minor part, and the longest of them deals with a Southern lynching party. On the other hand, there is Kloomak, who solves the problem by taking refuge in a world "out of time and out of space." There, in a land which has no name, peopled by characters without nationality, and governed by no law but that of beauty, he has created a series of idealized feminine types that remind one strangely of another refugee, Edgar Allan Poe. And Ignatov's characters, twisting in the Laocoon of their own individualism, though nominally Jewish, are no more Jewish than Strindberg's characters are Swedish.

Lavick seems to be almost the only one of them who can extract nourishment from the Ghetto and its traditions. His "Golem" is a dramatic poem of seventeenth-century cabalism into whose symbolic tapestry is woven an intellectual panorama as vast as that of "Faust." A minor strand out of this complicated pattern is of special significance. When the Messiah, disguised as a beggar, reveals himself to the Rabbi and begs to be permitted to liberate the Jews from their suffering, the Rabbi sends him away, saying that the time has not come. The truth is that the Jew—and by that I mean the Ghetto Jew—had become so at home in the inner, other-worldly life which his history forced upon him that he feared to be redeemed from it and brought to earth. He had become a spiritual being who, in an inversion of the Antaean myth, died when he touched earth. This same disembodied spirit, for whom the outer world and its problems exist only as necessary evils, is the hero of Lavick's prose drama "Shmattas" (Rags), probably the only play in which local Yiddish drama achieves literature.

But the outer world is seeping in, and the quintessential spirit of the Ghetto, the distillation of two thousand years, is being diluted with other forces. The *Luftmensch* is being forced to descend and take root. Certainly in America. Lavick's "Golem" has been an event in contemporary Yiddish literature; but the tendency is all the other way. Most of the younger Yiddish writers are not concerned so much with interpreting the Jew to himself as with interpreting America to the Jew. There is the problem for the Yiddish critics who intrench themselves in the dictum that Yiddish will survive as the language of the *Jewish* thoughts and experiences of the race. But as it happens Americanization is the major Jewish experience just now. So that the Yiddish writers, faithfully voicing this experience, are becoming more and more American in thought and content; whereas among the nostalgic Jewish expatriates in American literature a sort of parlor Judaeism is becoming increasingly fashionable. Which is more Jewish, a poem about the Kentucky mountaineer written in Yiddish or a novel of Jewish life written in English, is a problem which seems to be worrying the theorists on both sides.

In the meantime it seems a pity that the primitive energy of a folk speech as mobile as Yiddish cannot be brought over in all its poetic garrulity to enrich American literature and teach it to use its hands as all vigorous languages do. Perhaps when the last of the Yiddish writers are through Americanizing themselves they will rediscover Yiddish and recreate its rhythm and imagery for us in their new tongue. If they do that, they will only be paying a hitherto unpaid debt.

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Native Drama in Our Southwest

By MARY AUSTIN

THE landing of the Pilgrims on the coast of Massachusetts was dramatic in situation; the entrada of the Spanish Colonists by way of the Chihuahua Trail was so by intention. There is all the difference in the world between the cultures that might be expected to spring from such beginnings. Arriving at the crossing of the Rio Grande amid hardships before which the Pilgrim crossing pales, the expedition sat down on the bank of the Rio Grande and witnessed a comedy of their adventure written by Captain Farfán and played by his company. Thus on the 29th of April, 1595, modern drama began in our Southwest, which was taken possession of next day with a pageant of banners and ritual in the name of all the Blessed Personages, the King of Spain, and St. Francis. The founding of their first capital, now Chamita, New Mexico, was celebrated by a horseback pageant of Christians conquering the Moors before an audience augmented by two pueblos of Indians who sat securely on their housetops against the possibility of being eaten by the "long-tailed elk" on which were mounted the strange bearded men. From this gallant beginning the chief entertainment of New Mexico has been, aside from horse-racing and cock-fighting, dramatic, and almost exclusively native.

The century of extensive Spanish colonization along the Rio Grande was also the "golden" century of Spain, in which Lope de Vega wrote his thousand comedies, Pedro Calderon wrote his religious plays, and Lope de Ruega regenerated the Spanish theater, introducing music between the acts and sometimes into them, thus opening the way to grand opera. In that happy age the king also wrote plays and the people took as much interest in literature as in bull fights. It was the century marked in its beginning by Cervantes's "Don Quixote," and distinguished toward its end by the substitution of the guitar for the viola as the popular musical instrument of Spain. Most of what came over in the saddlebags and in the memories of the Colonists of that period was wiped out by the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. But after the reconquest by De Vargas in 1698 every settlement began to have societies of players whose performances became social institutions, existing in some of the outlying towns to this day and in others rapidly reviving under the sympathetic revaluation which has been the gracious result of the most recent invasion of New Mexico by working artists. Collections of the various local versions of the more popular plays are being made, and the privilege of attending their presentation is eagerly sought. It is still impossible, however, to trace out the entire connection between what goes on in New Mexico and its possible derivation from drama in Old Mexico and Spain. Quite certainly nothing much came from Spain after the first half of the eighteenth century, and after the first quarter of the nineteenth the slender trickle of cultural influence from Mexico definitely ceased. A generation later the American invasion, with its characteristic bargain-counter rush, forced the Spanish Colonial culture back upon itself, and almost succeeded in causing its complete extinction. Only under the conserving influence of the church, careful of what is ritualistic and symbolic in culture, the Spanish Colonial drama has survived in whatever was definitely of religious significance. At present only one of the native plays of that period which is not religious in theme is still being played or has been collected in entirety. This is "Querneverde," sometimes known as "Los Comanchos," a drama which seems to have been written in Taos County about the middle of the nineteenth century and which deals with the exploits of Querneverde (Green-Horn), a Comanche chief who harried the Spanish settlements of that time.

One is entirely within the fact in speaking of "collecting" these Spanish Colonial plays. Writing among the New Mexican settlements was never much practiced, and so seriously were the dramatic societies taken that membership became hereditary; parts as well as costumes and properties were handed down often from father to son, and in many cases passed from generation to generation without once being written down. I have heard, for example, of manuscript copies of the play "Nuestra Señora de Guadaloupe," but my own version was taken down entirely from word of mouth; and of the less popular plays, which may yet be performed from memory, there is not even a tradition of a written version. One must collect a part speech by speech—with its cues—from an old man at Ranchos de Taos, another from a great-grandmother somewhere about Socorro, and missing fragments where they can be found. There was, of course, marked preference for the "fat" parts, such as Lucifer in "Los Pastores" (The Shepherds) or the Chief in "Los Comanchos," and these can often be found letter perfect, as the player learned them from his father forty years ago. People who do not trust much to print have excellent memories.

"Los Pastores," as may be guessed, is a Nativity play. and still frequently played on *Nochebuena* (the Good Night), first before the priest's house and then in the patio of the local *rico* or other influential citizen. In remote villages where there is no resident priest and no *sala* large enough, the performance will take place in the schoolhouse or the church, and the interest and appreciation of the audience is never a whit dimmed by the fact that most of them have been present at all the rehearsals. The costumes are traditional and suggest the period in which Agamemnon might be played in a powdered wig with ruffles and Lady Macbeth in hoopskirts. I have seen "Our Lady of Guadaloupe" done at Santa Fe with no setting but a rock of crumpled paper, a few tissue roses, and a single ecclesiastical chair; the long journey between the rock of Tepeyac, where the Vision appeared to Don Diego, and the Bishop's palace, indicated by the chair, being so completely presented by the actor in fifteen feet of flat space that the audience missed nothing of its mountainous character, its fatigues and misgivings. In these native players the power of entering into the part, which is shared by a native audience, is quite capable of so completely engaging even the sophisticated attention that it is only afterward that the observer recalls that the Star of Bethlehem was an evil-smelling oil lantern hitched along on a rope, and that the audience has united in helpful suggestion when the mechanism by which the Angel of the Annunciation is let down from heaven has been unaccountably stalled. And with both audience and players one has relapsed into reverential awe when the difficulty has been overcome.

Such plays as "Los Pastores," "Our Lady of Guadaloupe," and "Las Estrallas," and "Los Comanchos" show literary quality with an explicit folk flavor, and such vari-

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ations of style and handling as suggest Colonial origins. Even the Nativity play is so completely localized that no one has yet been able to trace it to a Spanish derivation. But if such origin could be predicted it could probably only be proved out of old monkish manuscripts. "Los Pastores" and the "Guadaloupe" are both found south of the Rio Grande, and may have originated there, but "Los Comanchos" could not have arisen south of Santa Fe.

Also of distinctive New Mexican origin is the yearly "Passion Play" of the Penitentes, now so rapidly disappearing before the assaults of the bargain-counter spirit which incites Americans to rush in wherever there is rumor of beauty and strangeness, to tear it to tatters of sensation. This American version of the drama of the Crucifixion is played out in entirety between the first Wednesday in Lent and Good Friday, and its source is obscurely traced to the Dark Hours of the Spanish settlements between the withdrawal of the Franciscans by order of the newly established Republic of Mexico and the coming of the French priests in the 1880's. It is possibly a local revision of the Third Order of St. Francis, which came into the country with Oñate, or fragmentary recollections of whipping brotherhoods such as were common in Europe throughout the period of Spanish colonization. Unquestionably it drew from penitential practices of various Indian tribes; for by that time Spanish and Indian blood were well mingled in New Mexico. More than anything else it drew from the dramatic urge that brought the Spanish settlers over the sea and up the whole arduous length of the mountains of Mexico, along the Jornado del Muerte (Journey of Death), to face the wild hills and wild tribes of the Rio Grande. And not only from that impulse, rooted in the love of conquest and adventure, but from the world-embracing missionary spirit of the century. It was most deeply informed with what is in some measure at the root of all art, man's profound, incurable passion for expiation.

The Penitente play culminates during the last three days of Holy Week in what was formerly a detailed realistic crucifixion. But after the church resumed its direction of its Spanish-speaking membership in New Mexico, many realistic features disappeared. The Cristo is no longer nailed but tied to the cross, and the most dramatic penances take place within the morada, or are screened by midnight and remoteness. Within the past four or five years there has been a disposition to substitute a painted life-size image for the Cristo, and to enlarge the dialogue until it approaches the proportions of literary drama. As much as I have been able to hear of this dialogue is far superior in directness and simplicity to the pretentious blank verse of the Oberammergau "Passion Play." Such is the reverent purity of spirit in which this humble rendering of the dramatic climax of the Christian story is made that it was not until hours after the effect of seeing it at Talpa had worn away that I remembered how the three Marys chewed gum in the pauses of their parts, and how the two parts of Pontius Pilate and Caiphas had been combined into one by the simple expedient of a Roman robe and a Hebrew high priest's hat. This was the first time the whole story had been presented at one session, the usual method being to represent the betrayal and abandonment of Jesus, with which are often curiously combined incidents of the hours of darkness, on the evening before Holy Thursday; the Via Dolorosa with the meeting and parting of Jesus and his mother, on the afternoon of Holy Thursday, and the crucifixion at the traditional hour on Friday, each one at appointed places. Left to itself, the Penitente performance would inevitably develop into a true passion play of considerable power; but it seems evident that the tourist passion will prevail over every other and that the beautiful occasion will pass without a trace.

This Penitente play, with the Matachina, links the Spanish Colonial theater with the Pueblo Indian dance-drama. For still in New Mexico the Puebleños keep up the annual mask dance typical of that on which all European play-acting is founded. In the corn dance, the deer dance, the fire dance, and a score of masked, ritualistic performances all the forms and devices of the dramatic vehicle before it split into the allied but definitive arts of dance, song, and dialogue, may be studied. The Penitente play, besides being communal and ritualistic in character, as Indian dances are, and expiatory, as we now know Greek drama was at its best, mingles whippings, genuflections, solemn processions, and other modulations of the dance impulse with its dialogues and spoken prayers. Midway between the dance-drama of the Puebleños and the miracle play is the Matachina. Matachina is a generic name applied in Spain to an old type of ballad dance, reapplied in Old Mexico to more than one modified survival of native dance-drama. But along the New Mexican border the name refers to one specific dance which has all the earmarks of Indian origin with super-imposed Christian handling. The costumes are unquestionably derived from Roman ecclesiastical robes, particularly the head-dresses; the wands used by the dancers are three-branched, such as are used in many Indian-Catholic ceremonies to signify the Trinity—and in many Mexican-Indian rites for the fruitful corn-mother. There are not wanting hints that the use of these things might have originally been derisive; and more than a hint that the aboriginal foundation of the local Matachina was of phallic significance. For what else was the miter, of which the Matachina head-dress is plainly reminiscent, but the phallic crown? But whatever the original intention, the Roman influence has triumphed since the Matachina is recognized as a dance suitable for exclusively Christian festivals, such as Christmas and Easter. At the same time there are reasons for suspecting that this might have been one of the native Mexican dances which the church in the beginning of the Spanish conquest undertook to repress because it was found that they keep a sense of nationalism alive among the conquered tribes. For the leading characters of the Matachina can be found both north and south of the border, with two sets of names: El Monarch, Montezuma; El Toro, Cortez; the Bride, Malinche (mistress of Cortez); and sometimes a hair-and-horn masked figure which is recognized either as the Devil or as one of the Sacred Clowns familiar to dance-drama audiences. Altogether it seems probable that this was an aboriginal fertility dance made over by the church into a masque of the Soul's (the Bride's) struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil. For which violence to their traditions the tribes compensated by reading into it secretly their own forced acceptance of Spanish rule. As an example of transition from dance-drama to popular entertainment the New Mexican Matachina is worth more study than has been given to it.

So much has been written of late about the beautiful and inspiriting dance-dramas which may be seen not only in the pueblos of the Southwest but at the tourist festivals

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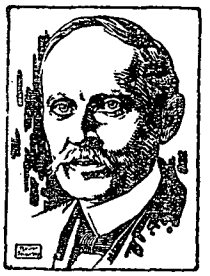

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of Santa Fe and Gallup, that description here would be superfluous. To the student the chief use of these ceremonies, besides providing a high type of aesthetic entertainment, is to enable him to divide the several elements of gesture, both realistic and symbolic, from the literary components of drama. Beautiful enough to engage every aesthetic reaction, even that least worthy and by the average onlooker most coveted one of sensation, the fire dance, the buffalo dance, the Yebetchi challenge the intelligence at every contact. As if all the primitive life of man from the very earliest were gathered up in them, about to burst into the final flower of art expression. To the uninstructed, however, they remain largely unintelligible because the explicatory acts and incidents of the drama are many of them performed in the *kiva*, as in the Penitential drama they take place in the *morada*, as in the best Greek tragedy they took place off stage. So that one wonders if the Greek habit of having the killings and other acts of violence done behind the scenes, instead of springing, as popularly supposed, from a Greek sense of propriety, did not rise from an earlier ritualistic custom of having them happen in the secret ceremonial chamber. The whole dance-drama complex is thus a mine of information and illumination as to dramatic origins and as to the possible use of elements of form and expression that in the modern theater have gone as flat as uncorked champagne; synthetic gesture, significant setting, the use of masks, of climax, of sacred clowning. Indian comedy, a subject too vast for more than descriptive mention, is sufficiently close to modern comedy to be easily understood by any audience. It springs from the tribal need of social correction by laughter and is the business of the Koshare, the Society of Sacred Clowns personating the spirits of the ancestors. Historic events, such as the entrada of Coronado and the killing of Estevan, the first Negro, are often used as pegs on which to hang corrective farces, and of late the absurdities of modern white life are satirized for the benefit of the younger generation.

While at present the office of native drama in the Southwest seems to be that of reinstruction in the fundamentals of dramatic and theatrical practice, it cannot be seen as providing other than the securest groundwork for a type of dramatic writing which will be inevitably fitted to carry all that the Southwest has to express. In so doing it will probably be found to be more expressive for what we call American uses—meaning by that the concurrent output of our mingling strains and local environment—than anything derived from purely Nordic sources, such as Greek and Elizabethan playwriting. Already the incursive interest of creative workers occupies itself with the separation of Indian dancing from its tribal elements in order to save it for aesthetic service, as Greek drama was saved. On this point public opinion is somewhat at fault, arguing that apart from its tribal significance Indian dancing will cease to have meaning and power. But the whole history of plastic art goes to show that the only way any of it was ever incorporated into the evolutionary history of culture was to cut it out cleanly from the creedal and mythologic root as poetic tragedy was cut off from Hellenic pantheism, as European drama was excised from the medieval theology. Several movements have begun looking toward such a saving result; an association for the revival of Spanish Colonial Arts at Santa Fe, Witter Bynner and Camilo Padilla for the encouragement of Spanish Colonial lyricism, an Indian Art Museum for Indians. The emergence of a native Southwestern drama is only a matter of a little time and intelligent fostering.

In particular I expect to see a new school of gesture—taking the word in its widest sense in which the human personality can be used as a vehicle of expression. Here alone, in Indian drama, do we approach the condition in which gesture is speech, as in the Spanish Colonial plays we rediscover something of the provocative relation between manners and art. And if such evolutionary processes go on, screened as they are by little-understood languages, so much the better for their successful escape from the present gaucheries and dulness of American drama.

First Glance at the Season's Books

By MARK VAN DOREN

THE sensation of the season is, of course, Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry." Final proof of this was furnished me the other evening when one of the most narrowly read men I know—a citizen whom I would have accused of complete indifference to books both new and old—asked me if I had seen Upton Sinclair's "Elmer Gaunt." If Mr. Lewis's novel against the Non-Conformists had got down that far, I said to myself, it had gone and would go everywhere. And apparently people in all States are at present undergoing the query: "Have you read 'Elmer Gantry'?" Eventually, no doubt, most of them will say yes; and all of them will argue concerning the extent to which Mr. Lewis has given a fair picture of a certain kind of preacher—who will or will not be assumed to exist. All of which is extremely interesting as a social phenomenon, but not so interesting for literature, since it has never been necessary to ask of a good novel whether its hero was "true to" some contemporary type which may possibly not have been there to be true to. We do not go to literature for evidence that human beings exist, and we do not care whether heroes of good books exist outside the books. So there will be less discussion than there might be concerning the quality of "Elmer Gantry." Yet when have many readers cared for such discussion?

Colonel T. E. Lawrence's long awaited "Revolt in the Desert," cut down from his longer work, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," seems to be getting the attention it deserves, though I am not sure of this; it is a great book, and it may not thunder in the bookstores. Personally, I was more interested in learning through it about Feisal and his fanatical countrymen than I was in listening to the Methodist-Baptist lingo of Brother Elmer. And the season has offered or will offer half a dozen books of unquestionable distinction. There is to be a new essay by Santayana. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The King's Henchman" was a little disappointing as drama; but it amply fulfilled its author's promise as a poet. Eugene O'Neill is soon to publish a full-length play, "Marco Millions," in advance of its performance in any theater. I cannot doubt that it will be important, and I am interested to see Mr. O'Neill thus coming into his own as a dramatist whose plays are recognized for their literary significance as soon as written. I am looking forward with especial eagerness to John Living-

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ston Lowes's "The Road to Xanadu," which I understand is a very long and ingenious exploration, by the author of one of the few good modern books on poetry, into the processes of Coleridge as he composed "Kubla Khan" and otherwise discovered himself in verse. It ought to take its place among the richest offerings of the season in belles-lettres. So already has Paul Valéry's "Variety," which gives American readers their first opportunity to sample the intellectual wares of a very much talked-of Frenchman. In Maxim Gorki's "Decadence" we are said to have, after years of waiting, another Russian masterpiece. Roger Fry, a truly distinguished critic of art, adds to his distinction with "Transformations." And there are announcements of two extended works in American history which ought to make a great deal of difference. One is Charles and Mary Beard's "The Rise of American Civilization" and the other is Vernon L. Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought." The Beards are better known than Mr. Parrington for a certain keen integrity of criticism which makes the reading of their histories an intellectual pleasure; but Mr. Parrington has this quality in abundance and one may expect from the four volumes together a reinterpretation of American ideas which will be at the same time conscientious and entertaining.

The list of spring books is heavily loaded with titles carrying an Americana flavor. But not too heavily. Never, it would seem, has there been so much demand for volumes dealing with our past, important or unimportant; never has there been so much willingness on the part of authors and publishers to supply the demand freshly and intelligently. The "Anthony Comstock" of Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech, making as it does an analysis not only of Comstock but of censorship, scarcely could have been done so well, if done at all, in an earlier generation. The process of revising our judgments of standard American authors goes on with two works devoted to Hawthorne, by Herbert Gorman and Lloyd Morris, and with Van Wyck Brooks's six essays on Emerson. Mary Best, I am sure, looks squarely at Tom Paine, Joseph Dillaway Sawyer produces one more extended life of Washington, and The American Library announces an edition of William Maclay's fascinating "Journal." All this in the field of biography, which also sees this spring an extraordinary number of important works coming from abroad—the "James Bryce" of H. A. L. Fisher, the "Morley" of Francis Hirst, three separate lives of Buddha, the "Napoleon" and the "Wilhelm Hohenzollern" of Emil Ludwig, and Aldous Huxley's new edition of Haydon's "Memoirs" (to be compared, as someone has pointed out, with Susan Glaspell's portrait of another unadjusted genius, her husband, George Cram Cook, in "The Road to the Temple"). In the field of American history there is Bernard Fay's study of France and the United States at the close of the eighteenth century, there is John Bach McMaster's new volume on the Lincoln period, and there is Hendrik Willem van Loon's "America" (with pictures). C. E. M. Joad looks at us and calls our land "The Babbitt Warren"; André Siegfried announces that "America Comes of Age"; while here at home Langdon Mitchell more modestly tries his hand at "Understanding America," and in "Fire Under the Andes" Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant is content to analyze the genius of a few living Americans. I have not spoken of such antiquarian excursions as those made by Edna Kenton into the Indian sections of the "Jesuit Relations" or by Richardson Wright among "Hawkers and Walkers in Early America."

In fiction it is good to see that Arthur Waley brings forth a third volume of the "Tale of Genji" and Romain Rolland the third part of "The Soul Enchanted," and that new stories are published by Arnold Bennett, Theodore Dreiser, Ludwig Lewisohn, Thomas Mann, Arthur Schnitzler, Olive Schreiner, Evelyn Scott, Upton Sinclair, Hermann Sudermann, Sigrid Undset, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Virginia Woolf, and E. H. Young. I have heard it said, finally, that the season is poor in poetry; but E. A. Robinson, Robinson Jeffers, and "H. D." are on the list—the first with "Tristram," a major American poem—and so I cannot agree.

Books

Morley and Bryce

Early Life and Letters of John Morley. By Francis W. Hirst. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $10.

James Bryce. By H. A. L. Fisher. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $8.

JOHN MORLEY and James Bryce (late lordships sit lightly on their names) had much in common in the circumstances of their life and work. They were born in the same year, grew into manhood during the great Victorian era of complacent progress, passed from an early manhood of scholarship and literature into parliamentary life as members of the radical wing of the Liberal Party in the great Gladstonian epoch, spent many years of arduous labor as members of the Commons and as Ministers, lived through the horrors of the Great War, and died in the disillusionment of the Bad Peace. Neither was "meant" for politics, or equipped with the moral obtuseness and capacity of self-deception needed for supreme success in a field where nice intellectual distinctions and fine moral scruples are out of place. Neither showed his best qualities in the House of Commons, though Morley did doughty service as a platform speaker in the early times of the Home Rule struggle, while Bryce was stirred to moral eloquence in the cause of oppressed Eastern nationalities and both of them bore a gallant part in the uphill fight for higher education. In substance their Victorian liberalism was the same, in its faith in representative institutions, its support of nationalism, freedom of trade, and peaceful relations between nations, its distrust of the imperial spirit in the relations between strong and weak peoples, its application of the healing principle of equality of opportunity in every sphere of conduct. Neither of them had much trust in governments as instruments for the positive welfare of the governed, and the growing tendency toward "social" not to say "socialistic" legislation was to both suspect, though Morley in his last years, disgusted by the conduct of his Liberal associates during the war, entered into friendly relations with leaders of the Labor Party. Neither at any time showed any clear perception of the need for revision of liberal doctrines which the constantly growing pressure of economics into politics demands of modern statesmen.

But the main interest of these two biographies lies outside the strict diocese of politics. For both men won their distinction in other fields. Morley had made his mark as the great exponent of the intellectual makers of the French Revolution and as one of the chief editors and journalists of his age before turning to parliamentary life, while Bryce took on practical politics as an adjunct to his busy career as professor, lawyer, historian, and traveler. In all essential characters the two men were widely different. Trained in the schools of Bentham, J. S. Mill, and Comte, the rationalism, utilitarianism, positivism of the mid-century meant much to Morley, little or nothing to Bryce. Indeed, no more revealing passage occurs in Mr. Fisher's brief and fine commentary upon Bryce's mind than the disclosure of his complete indifference toward that large prov-

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ince of the intellectual life termed philosophy. While Morley remained through life a complete, though tolerant, skeptic in religious matters, Bryce seems to have retained a vigorous sort of free Christianity, based partly perhaps on some strain of mysticism, partly on reverence for the creed of his fathers. While Morley, therefore, was a freethinker in the full sense of the word, for Bryce there were sanctities he would not probe with reason.

The very principles which Bryce brought to bear upon politics were more purely moral and intuitional than those which inspired Morley. From Burke and the French thinkers, from Mill and the great controversies raised by Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and the coterie of London intellectualists to which he attached himself in early manhood, Morley drew an armory of doctrine which he strove in no pedantic spirit to apply to the practical causes of human progress. Age and experience transposed his use of these weapons of reason; expediencies won more and more upon principles in his official life. But he remained through life a rationalist in a stricter sense than Bryce.

Both men had singularly attractive personalities. Morley was the more vivacious, with more heightened and brilliant expression alike with tongue and pen, drawing on a rich store of personal reminiscences with bright phrasing and flickering allusiveness, perhaps the most interesting talker of his time. Bryce could pour out more copious learning, excelled in sagacious criticism and sharp probings into dark issues of fact. Full of a quiet appreciative humor, he had little of the irony which gave sap to much of Morley's talk and writing. Bryce's greatest claim to personal distinction lay in that he knew more than any other man of his own or any other time. There may be tucked away in the seclusion of some university or other home of learning two or three scholars who have read and remembered as much booklore as Bryce, but when one takes into account his first-hand intercourse with men and things in all parts of the habitable globe, he assuredly stands outside all competition. From earliest boyhood, through his long span of over fourscore years, he set himself the task of Herodotus to visit strange lands, see everything there was to see, and question everyone he met. How different from the ordinary tourist was his travel! The geology, the flora and fauna, the archaeology, history, current politics and economics, the scenery, the habits of the people—he gathered everything into his net. Nor did he confine himself to the main thoroughfares of travel; he penetrated every bypath and recess in search of information. "He had a genius for putting the right questions." Could any other man have written his "American Commonwealth," or that amazing work of erudition, "Modern Democracies," the product of octogenarian wisdom?

Neither book under review can rank as a full biography. Mr. Hirst's two volumes only bring his hero up to 1885, while Mr. Fisher deals lightly with Bryce's long parliamentary career and devotes virtually the whole of the second volume to the chief task of his latest years, his close relations with America as ambassador, missioner, and informal correspondent. Morley had a favorite question he used to put to anyone who praised a book or other work: "What does it all come to?" Now, no great formal achievement in the world of politics can be attributed to either of these men. Posterity will regard Morley as a very considerable figure in literature, as a great interpreter of thought, and as a brilliant commentator upon life. But his work for Ireland, for India, and for other political causes to which he devoted so much energy could have been done as well or better by a ruder, less sensitive politician. So too with Bryce; his vehement campaigns for expelling the Turk from Europe and rescuing Armenia and other subject nationalities came to naught, while his diagnosis of the causation of the Great War led him to oppose every attempt at peace without victory, though he lived to realize something of the crimes and policies of a distorted peace.

Bryce's great work lay in his skilful and persistent efforts at a better understanding between Americans and British. For this he had a special gift. It was well said of him that he was "a natural American," by which was meant that his qualities and aptitudes expressly fitted him for mixing in easy, friendly, understanding terms with all sorts of people in the great republic. Class, race, creed, culture presented no barrier to him. But especially was he sympathetic with the descendants of the puritan stocks, both East-Anglian and Scotch-Irish, who have figured so powerfully among the influential forces in modern America. During his numerous visits he moved largely among the educational, political, and business leaders, absorbing knowledge of their country and communicating knowledge of his own. This personal bond between the countries has counted for not a little in the years of strain through which we are now passing. Nor was this influence confined to personal contacts and oral communications. Apart from his great books, all through his life his pen was busily engaged in articles and letters directed to the same end. "One of his many occupations during the eighties was to contribute a London Letter to the New York *Nation*, 'the best weekly not only in America but in the world' (I, p. 178)," and the most valuable passages of Mr. Fisher's second volume are from private letters addressed to President Lowell, Dr. Eliot, and other old friends.

Mr. Hirst's "Thomas Jefferson" will have made him well known to many American readers as a skilful and sympathetic interpreter of liberalism which endures through the centuries and transcends political frontiers. Nor has Bryce been less fortunate in his interpreter. Mr. Fisher's wide range of historical erudition and his personal contacts with the art of government have well fitted him for the difficult task he has here so successfully accomplished.

J. A. HOBSON

Bruegel of the Peasants

Peter Bruegel the Elder. By Virgil Barker. The Arts Publishing Corporation. $2.

THE reproduction in permanent form of Mr. Barker's admirable essay which appeared in the Bruegel number of *The Arts* will be welcomed by all who hold those "damnable opinions" which direct men's minds back to the sweet-smelling mold of the earth uncontaminated, unsoured by insalubrious miasmas of mysticism. Mr. Barker is one of those privileged people whose imagination is capable of taking fire when it comes in contact with genius. Below the restrained and orderly measure of his prose we feel the underswell of an aesthetic and intellectual response, vigorous and authentic. By taste and training he is well fitted to appreciate and interpret the technical excellence of Bruegel's work, and, what is even more important, to understand the philosophic implications latent in the amazing canvases of the great artist. For it has long been recognized that Bruegel is one of the greatest champions of that "open secret" which has been carried down, from age to age, by certain bold and enlightened spirits, the secret namely that it is wisest for the sons of men to give little heed to the false prophets who would have them cast deceitful glances up at the sky. Bruegel's work, like the writings of Homer, Rabelais, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Anatole France, would seem to suggest in no faltering tone that the highest reward on earth is to be found in contemplating with inspired vision the simple poetry that surrounds the life of man, as generation after generation, for so brief a period, he goes out into the fields to sow and to reap. Let Robert Browning and Alfred Noyes whistle never so prettily the disciples of Bruegel of the Peasants will not easily be persuaded that crested larks nest in the heavens. There is miracle enough in the sudden crying of a child taken from its mother's womb, in the love of a girl and a boy, in the shocking majesty of Death!

"The earth is the only thing that knows how to deal sensibly with man." This is what, as Mr. Barker so admirably indicates, Peter Bruegel iterates over and over again. For this sturdy countryman whose genius made him tremble like

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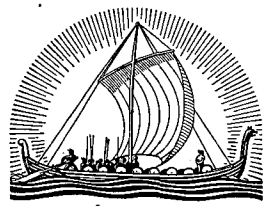

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springtime foliage, burgeon like August fruit, was incapable of envisaging any scene, secular or religious, as being independent of what was entirely natural. If this Fleming had been present at the crucifixion of Our Lord, at that most intense hour in our history when for one supreme moment, to those present, the very veil of our senses seemed on the point of being rent from top to bottom, we can well conceive that the dicing of the soldiery, the braying of the Palm-Sunday ass, or the squeaking of the twilight bats would have been what chiefly occupied his "silly thoughts."

He understood well that "Death is inexorable, man of little moment." For him life as he knew it upon earth sufficed, like Wolfgang Goethe he had no wish to evade truth. Why should he? Without the knowledge of the long hours of absolute peace, of absolute oblivion that is the eventual heritage of every peasant and burgher, these people of his could never dance jigs, peel the bark off trees, prod their cattle, slide upon ice, and eat devil's pancakes at the rate they do in his pictures. He would not have the world changed by one jot. "Big fish eat little fish"; he knows it and he approves of it. He likes human beings when they are most at their ease. If they are gross then he would have them be gross, would have them snouting on the ground like hogs after beach mast. If they are tender he would have them be tender, trembling with compassionate solicitude over the Massacre of the Innocents.

Mr. Barker's admirable appreciation reveals all this to us. Our only regret is that once or twice by the use of an ill-chosen word he mars the weight and dignity of his style. "Part of his realism is his robust laughter, which is the only solution to the fix in which human beings find themselves." And again: "In Ghent a mob sacked the Abbey of St. Peter and . . . ran smashingly at large through the city." Still more distressing: "But one can move from one to another without any feeling of shifting gear or changing speed." In contrast to such minor lapses is a sentence like the following: "In giving himself over so unreservedly to the impermanent, Bruegel took what was for him the only way to the permanent." That is a discerning observation and goes far to explain the artistic power of this extraordinary painter, "who loved to frighten his companions, often also his own pupils, with all kinds of goblin noises."

LLEWELYN POWYS

Wyndham Lewis

The Lion and the Fox. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper and Brothers. $4.

The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper and Brothers. $4.

FIFTEEN years ago it might well have seemed to the casual student of contemporary thought that the world had settled comfortably down to a liberal orthodoxy. It had, to be sure, agreed to the existence of many individual disagreements, but since it had accepted variety rather than unity as the most characteristic feature of the aspect under which the universe was to be regarded and had recognized opinion rather than truth as the ultimate possible achievement of the human mind, it was not surprised that opinions should differ. Detailed disagreements notwithstanding, democratic conceptions of the function of government, mechanistic theories of natural science, and relativistic theories of both art and morals had coalesced into a recognizable type of thinking, and whatever voices were raised against it were definitely voices from the past.

The last few years have seen, on the contrary, the emergence of tendencies which, taken together, seem to represent the beginning of a revolt against this type of thinking. In science a neo-vitalism invents such conceptions as that embodied in the theory of emergents and, seizing upon an anomaly like that which the Quantum Theory presents to the mechanist, attempts to revise our whole conception of nature by regarding what was formerly called "dead" material as something which presents characteristic features of the organism; in politics one may observe a recrudescence of authoritarian theories even apart from such definite practical embodiments of them as Fascism and Bolshevism; and in the theory of criticism there is a revival of interest in "standards" and "impersonality," both of which seemed to have been disposed of for the last time when Anatole France made a football of Brunetière. One cannot read, let us say, A. N. Whitehead on science and T. S. Eliot on criticism without realizing that they both represent, not a continuation from late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century traditions, but a break with them. They are radical in the literal sense of the word because, however they may tend in a direction contrary to that of contemporary "radicalism," their ideas involve a complete revision of the basic assumptions accepted by the "advanced thinkers" of a few decades ago.

This new movement has no single and universally recognized leader; it has only—though the term is unfortunate in view of the fact that the movement might, on its political and artistic side, be called authoritarian—"representative men." And perhaps none of them has been concerned with more of its aspects than Wyndham Lewis has been. A friend of Eliot and of Ezra Pound, he was first known as an ultra-modern painter and critic of art; later he published, some ten years ago, the novel "Tarr," which anticipated "Ulysses" in making a definite break with the socio-romantic traditions of contemporary fiction; and now, within the past year, he has published here the two books at present under consideration—one of which is an extended piece of literary criticism dealing with a particular subject, and the other a general discussion of government in the broadest sense of the word. A rooted opposition to the popularization of art and philosophy is, it may be added, part of the new movement, and Mr. Lewis's books, though written with great force, are difficult reading. They make no concessions to those who have come to expect a journalistic ease even in discussions which concern themselves with weighty abstractions.

In "The Lion and the Fox," subtitled "The Role of the Hero in the Plays of Shakespeare," Mr. Lewis advances a highly interesting conception of Shakespearean tragedy. He considers the crucial conflict of the Elizabethan mental life to have been the conflict between the ideas of feudal Christianity and the new realism of Machiavelli, and he bids us regard Shakespeare as a man who, without Machiavelli's hard, exclusive interest in man as a political animal, was, nevertheless, fully aware of the conflict, and who presents in his chief heroic figures the spectacle of a series of men with whom he greatly sympathizes, but who, because of what Mr. Lewis calls their "Celtic" ideals, go down in defeat before the forces upon which Machiavelli's realistic philosophy is built. Shakespeare, so considered, becomes then a greater and robuster Cervantes, dealing essentially with the same conflict as that with which Cervantes was concerned.

Considered merely as a specific piece of interpretative literary criticism, this theory, as expounded in Mr. Lewis's learned and laborious book, is of considerable interest, but it is even more important when he relates it, as he does, to the whole complex of ideas exposed in the more inclusive statement of his general philosophy, "The Art of Being Ruled." This philosophy, or this world program, is composed of too many interrelated parts to be summarized in a review, but some idea of its nature and temper may be given. Hating science as the influence which has destroyed human values by leading us to regard them under analogies drawn from the world of non-human things, hating democracy because it has established the reign of the inferior man, and hating Nietzsche because he vulgarized the idea of aristocrcy by making every mediocrity claim the privileges of the superman, Mr. Lewis has found a political ideal which is that of a sort of Pax Romana coextensive with the world, and an artistic ideal which is that of a classicism possessing the standards of right reason and order—both of these things to be brought about by an abolition of that amateurism in government and art which democracy has encouraged.

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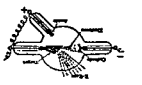

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A criticism of these ideals cannot possibly be made a matter of a few phrases, but whatever one may ultimately think of them, Mr. Lewis has a mind of arresting force. Since he is one of those writers whose whole philosophy and temperament are cast in an unfamiliar mold, there is scarcely a page which can be read without active attention and which does not provoke some active process of acceptance or resistance. No one in the slightest degree interested in the attempt now being made in many quarters to formulate a philosophy radically different from that which has gradually gained almost universal ascendence during the last two hundred years can afford to neglect him. He is one of the most incisive of the neo-radicals whose thought is a continuation from scholasticism rather than from anything which has come in since the Renaissance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

What Was the Question?

Why Religion? By Horace M. Kallen. Boni and Liveright. $3.

THIS is a peculiarly baffling book. It is maddening in its gratuitous obscurities and ambiguous in its aims. Setting out apparently to answer the question Why religion? it leaves at least one reader utterly in the dark as to what questions have been asked, what answers have been given, and what the answers mean. Mr. Kallen has obviously read a good deal about religious practices and ideas and not a little of the now aging "new" psychology. There is any amount of illusory information, scrambled into any amount of pretentious and irrelevant psychological jargon. The range is from sex orgies in primitive religion and matriarchy in primitive society to the organization of the church of Christian Science and the methods of deifying a president in a democratic society. There are the curiously complicated statements of any number of miscellaneous ideas, from the dismissal of the clergy as a guild whose craft is that of manipulating the supernatural to the familiar Jamesian idea that religious belief emerges and becomes important in times of personal and social crisis. There are confused trappings of the latest fashions in psychology. The Œdipus complex and the fear of the Father are disproportionately invoked in the confused and omnivorous story Mr. Kallen gives of the making of the gods. But when it is all over, and it is one of the most fatiguing books this writer has ever read, one is compelled to ask: Why this book on religion? The unpleasant conclusion is inevitable that these are random notes for lectures carelessly exfoliated into a book.

A writer on any of the serious and profound issues of existence certainly does not owe it to anybody, and certainly not to professors of philosophy, to be simple. There is no law compelling him even to be clear. But to judge a book one must be able to detect what it is about. If that cannot be done, after careful efforts by a reader familiar with the literature of the subject, the book already stands judged.

The chapter on The Religious Experience, which ought to be fairly central, is certainly twenty-four pages of the most confusing miscellany available in contemporary philosophy. The net result which may be arrived at after considerable effort is that the religious experience occurs at time of crisis and that it becomes the starting-point for reformation of old cults and the beginning of new ones. But all this one might have found out much more comfortably from James. Mr. Kallen proceeds, very indirectly, to show how the beliefs that arise from the religious experience are "preferences" rather than merely acquiescences. He indicates, also in the most roundabout way, that religious beliefs function as instruments of salvation in perturbed lives or societies. There is a complicated statement of the simple facts concerning tabu, mana, totem, and ritual, facts out of Frazer expounded in language out of nowhere.

It would be foolish to scold a thinker for his verbal mannerisms unless these seriously interfered with the reading and understanding of his book. One might pass over Mr. Kallen's

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grammatical ailments—"To the experimentalist Christianity is a way of life and he proposes to translate the way into the plain and simple language understanded of the times," "Progress is not the same with perfection," and a dozen other mistakes that seem deliberate aspirations to elegance. One could forgive Mr. Kallen a hundred annoying affectations that are half the time simply incompetent English: "Judaists" where he means "Jew," "conventual" where he means "conventional," "formulary" where he means "formula," and such jargon as "omnocompetence," "intercombination," "paramountcy," and "repristination." What one cannot forgive him is the elaborate verbiage in which he dresses up to the point of absurdity trivial ideas or none at all. In Mr. Kallen's diction, "one thing leads to another" becomes "Each fresh development becomes a condition and circumstance for the exfoliation of others." One cannot forgive a "humanist" (as he describes himself in the preface) for publishing a book that save in the titles to its chapters seems to have no plan at all, and, save for the determined reader, no attainable coherence or clarity.

Two or three parts of the book apparently say something new and interesting. It is a pity Mr. Kallen could not have said these things without ruinously interrupting and obfuscating himself. Mr. Kallen has suggestive ideas on the importance of property in the solidification of church doctrine and power. He has something new to say about the eruption of the unpredicted in experience as the essence of the supernatural. At least so far as one can understand. There seems very little point in answering the question Why religion? with riddles. Why bother?

IRWIN EDMAN

Breadless Ireland

The Bible in Ireland. By Asenath Nicholson. Edited with an Introduction by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. The John Day Company. $3.

TRAVELING through the length and breadth of Ireland in 1845, a Vermont woman, Asenath Nicholson, observed a state of affairs which should have aroused all the instincts of self-preservation which the country possessed and even forced the thing that called itself a government to take some action. In large tracts of the country it was not possible to get bread. "Not a loaf of bread was in this town, and the Methodist lady where we stopped said there had been none for six weeks." There was another town where "I went from street to street, and almost from door to door, to find a roll of bread and a cup of cocoa. . . . At last I found a few small loaves, took a penny's worth, and left the town to walk to Oranmore, a distance of fourteen miles." There are, of course, other things besides bread which people can live on—meat, meal, potatoes. But in Ireland of that time meat and meal were even rarer than bread. There were only potatoes.

No one in 1845 seemed to reckon on what would happen if potatoes failed in the soil out of which too many potato crops had been taken already. A catastrophe came and a second catastrophe came on top of it, with such heart-rending consequences as we can read of in Carleton's novel "The Black Prophet." But the leaders of public opinion at the time seemed to be making no reckoning. "Three hundred and sixty-five days a year we have the potato," a young peasant said to Mrs. Nicholson. "The blackguard of a Raleigh who brought 'em here entailed a curse upon the laborer that has broke his heart. Because the landlord sees we can live and work hard on 'em he grinds us down in our wages, and then despises us because we are ignorant and ragged." This is the clearest judgment made upon Ireland of the time by any contemporary. If only a few thousand of his kind had felt it they could have saved themselves and their race from irreparable disaster.

The landowners took everything except a boiling of potatoes from the people and spent the greater part of their revenue abroad; the Protestant church by law established took a tenth

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of their crop and stock from the peasantry; but the revolution that was made due by such social injustice was being slacked down. "They feel daily more and more the iron hand that crushes them; and were it not that Father Matthew has sobered them, and O'Connell is enjoining 'Peace, peace,' their forbearance would cease." So Ireland staggered on to the disaster of 1846 and 1847. After that disaster another Ireland came into being: gone was the Ireland that was mainly Gaelic-speaking, with its traditional poetry, stories, and music; gone was the Ireland of Carleton's peasants and Charles Lever's squires. An Ireland mainly English-speaking, shorn of its traditional arts, shorn, too, of its kindliness, its love of diversion, and a certain honesty in dealing, came into being.

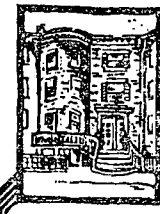
Asenath Nicholson told herself that she went over to Ireland to bring the Scriptures into the cabins, but we must believe that what really brought her there was some imaginative emotion—such a passionate and magnanimous curiosity as brought Charles Doughty to the Bedouin tents. "Often when seated at my fireside," she writes, "I have told those most dear to my heart that God would one day allow me to breathe the mountain air of the sea-girt coast of Ireland; to sit in their cabins and there learn what soil has nurtured, what hardships have disciplined a race so patient and so impetuous, so revengeful and so forgiving, so proud and so humble, so obstinate and so docile, so witty and so simple." At last, with hardly any money in her pocket, without any recommendations to the powerful and the influential, she went among the people of Ireland. They shared what they had with her, and she, with a hardiness that seems incredible, subsisted on a scanty and monotonous ration, slept on bare floors, tramped incredible miles along unsheltered places, with the rain and the wind buffeting her. She mentions that the people mistook her "for a holy Saint Brighid." She did not know that according to the most beautiful of Irish traditions Saint Brighid often went through the country, living with the people and suffering with them, blessing them and bringing them peace. More often than she knew, this Vermont woman, with her disinterestedness, her readings of the Gospel stories, her practical kindliness, must have been taken for Saint Brighid as she sat in some poor and simple cabin.

Her book was called originally "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," and its reissue with a changed title is well justified. Let us say at once that it has no episodes such as those which make "The Bible in Spain" so memorable. The writer has nothing of Borrow's dramatic invention. She gives us the experiences of a discerning woman of good judgment and good heart, who writes straightforwardly though by no means prosaically. On every page of her book there is character. And in the last ten chapters, in which she describes her journey through Kerry and Connacht, she is vivid and often eloquent. Can we forget the old man who guided her around that "bay of all bays," Bantry Bay, and whom she subsequently found seated upon a wall eating a piece of bread?

> I asked, "Do you expect to go to heaven?" "No, ma'am, I shall never go to heaven. The poor, ma'am, are great sinners, and must not expect to go there." "The poor will certainly go to heaven, if they repent." He still insisted. "The poor are very wicked, and must not expect to go there. No, no, ma'am, I shall not get there." As he was departing, I said: "John, I shall see you no more, and I beg you to go to Christ and be saved." He paused, resting on his stick; and giving me a piercing glance of despondingbitterness, he shook his head, and answered emphatically: "That can never be for me."

She saw Ireland verging on dissolution, and she noted not so much the misery of the people as the rare virtue still possessed by them—something that was apart from the world and that could help them to form a real nation. It was in the Kerry women whom she looked after.

> I looked after them among the rocks, more with admiration for the moment than with pity; for what hearts, amid splendor and ease, lighter than these? And what



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heads and stomachs, faring sumptuously every day, freer from aches than theirs, with the potato and the sup of milk? This woman who danced before me was more than fifty, and I do not believe that the daughter of Herodias herself was more graceful in her movements, more beautiful in complexion or symmetry than was this dark-haired matron of the mountains of Kerry.

This Bible-vending Vermont woman had the early American passion for freedom and democracy, the reluctance to accept any form of oppression. Seldom did Ireland ever take in a stranger who so deeply sympathized with her, who had such will to understand her. Not knowing Catholic lore and custom, she missed understanding the whole of Ireland. Still, she was never misled. And how generous was her loyalty to what she saw and what she understood. PADRAIC COLUM

Pre-War Ford

The Good Soldier. By Ford Madox Ford. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

MR. FORD'S best pre-war novel, now reprinted as the first volume in the collected Avignon edition, is of distinct historical and sociological value. Read at this late date, it serves to recall a multitude of tender memories. Its carefully loosened narrative form ("one goes back, one goes forward"), the anxious tenuity of its psychology, and the quality of its characters—all remind us of Mr. Ford's master, Henry James. On the whole "The Good Soldier" is preferable to James at his best, though not perhaps, to the confirmed Jacobean, at his worst. At any rate, amid all his literary excitements, Mr. Ford has always managed to retain a firm grip on his syntax and he has adhered consistently to a clear and masculine style, less forceful here, to be sure, than in his war tetralogy.

The two outstanding characteristics of James's personages are reproduced with sedulous care. First, Mr. Ford's people are one and all so filthily wealthy that it almost doesn't matter what happens to them. One has really to apply an onion to the eye of one's soul in order to be able to weep over the amorous tragedies of a group of people whose average yearly income is about a quarter of a million. In the second place, the formula James came to England to learn is the basis of this work by his former disciple. All of Mr. Ford's creatures—Edward Ashburnham, the Good Soldier of the title who reminds one of Stephen Leacock's irresistible aristocrat who "drained a dipper of brandy and water and became again the perfect English gentleman"; Leonora, his glacial and efficient wife; Dowell, the simple-minded American narrator with a personality like a walking-stick, and Florence, his coldly sensual wife with her noble ambition to be the great lady of a Wiltshire estate—all of them are dominated by the mystic necessity for preserving what is called "good form." We have already met this Toryism in Mr. Ford's Tietjens; but Tietjens, fortunately, was educated and humanized by a war which was not at all sporting. Here, however, we have a complete set of museum specimens. Nothing could more completely mark the difference between pre-war English society and our own deracinated generation than the importance Mr. Ford's people attach to doing the correct thing and concealing properly all the improper emotions. Like all good Christians they live by a divinely-revealed Book; but it is a Book of Etiquette. The most amateur psychologist might have foreseen that eventually tragedy would visit all of them, almost entirely as a result of this continuous series of repressions. Edward cuts his long English throat, Dowell becomes a sort of professional cuckold for ten years, the young girl Nancy goes mad, and Florence Dowell swallows prussic acid. And all this because they must so complicate their lives by silences, secrecies, and afternoon tea gestures that an explosion is necessary to resolve the tangle.

Even if this apotheosizing of the "cricket" psychology were absent, one other quality in the book would avail to remind

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us of its predominantly historical interest. I speak of the preternatural seriousness with which the subject of adultery is treated. Like many English and would-be-English aristocrats, these people are all sentimentalists. (Edward, for example, in a moment of weakness, weeps for days because two hereditary Van Dycks and some family silver are sold from his estate.) This romanticism is most easily excited by the problem of adultery, the theme on which "The Good Soldier" is based. Hearts break, eyes glaze, hands tremble, long, dreadful silences ensue—and why? Because Florence deceives her calf-like husband by sleeping with the glorious Edward. Because Edward's wife knows it, but must not notice it. Because Florence's husband must never be made aware of it.

Reading this story (sub-titled A Tale of Passion), one becomes conscious of one of two things: either that county-grown English novelists are incurable romantics; or that the entire viewpoint in regard to adultery has undergone a radical transformation, at least in literature, since 1914. A modern civilized writer, if he wishes to retain any reputation for sane judgment and maturity, is forced to acknowledge the almost complete contemporary collapse of the cavalier love ethic; and if he desires to employ the adultery motive, he is forced to return to the only methods which still hold dignity and interest for the modern intelligence. He must treat adultery either farcically, as Molière did; or ironically, as Joyce does. To view it through a medium of romantic emotion, either in the lava-like D'Annunzio manner or in the restrained "English" manner of Mr. Ford, is to invite the attention not of the critical reader but of the antiquarian, the historian of morals, and the necrologist.

On the other hand, "The Good Soldier" is filled with many arresting, almost amazing, qualities. Mr. Ford, for example, employing some peculiar magic of style and viewpoint, has managed to tell a fairly interesting story about a group of almost utterly unintelligent people. Leonora is the only character who seems to be in complete possession of a complete brain; the others swish their riding crops, sit at the county assizes, drink port, invest in consols, and lose a hundred thousand without batting a single English eyelash—all this with the regularity of well-bred robots. It was formerly thought (or should have been) that the place for dull people was in the naturalistic novel of low life; but Henry James and Ford Madox Ford have managed to construct an admirable art-form about these same people in high society. It is a glorious victory.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Who Killed Cock Robin?

An Adventure in Constructive Finance. By Carter Glass. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.

THAT ill-fated book "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" appears to have given great pain to everybody concerned—to the public, which vainly tried to read it; to the publishers, who mistakenly figured on selling a huge edition of it; and last, but by no means least, to Senator Glass, whose sense of justice it outraged because Professor Seymour editorially ascribed credit to the Texas Colonel in connection with the writing of the Federal Reserve Act and the securing of its passage. For Professor Seymour asserts that "the Colonel was the unseen guardian angel of the bill," with much else of like purport; while Senator Glass in reply asseverates that "Professor Seymour's narrative on 'Currency Reform' is a profanation of history," with much, much more, of like and liker tenor. As the Senator's book has already appeared in serial form, newspaper readers will need only to be reminded that in giving major credit for the Federal Reserve Act to President Wilson, the story in its inference, though not in its words, does not withhold a proper meed of praise from the Chairman of the House Committee on Currency and Banking, who in those far-off ante-bellum days was none other than Carter Glass of Virginia.

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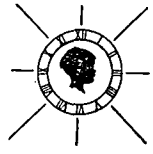

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Somehow the main question at issue does not really seem so dreadfully important. After all, we do have a Federal Reserve system which has effectively centralized our banking reserves and given us an asset currency. The devising of it was a job that required economic knowledge, political ingenuity, and grueling hard work. The Chairman of the House Committee did his full share, and he doesn't propose at this late date to have the credit for the job passed on to Colonel House or Mr. Paul Warburg or Senator Aldrich or any of the other people whose friends claim the glory for them now that the system has shown its worth. No; let the glory go to the dead President, says Mr. Glass. Well, well, it's all natural enough, and the book, judiciously read, tells a deal about the legislative history of the measure. One lays it down with a question in mind: When is a central bank not a central bank? A moment's reflection gives the answer: When it is a Federal Reserve System, and when the people are therefore preserved against the machiavellian machinations of Wall Street. Truly, great is Diana of the Ephesians! But it is a good banking system all the same.

H. R. MUSSEY

The Days That Never Were

Montmartre, Past and Present. By Jean Émile-Bayard. Translated by Ralph Anningson and Tudor Davies. Illustrated by Lucien M. Gautier. Brentano's. $4.50.

The Latin Quarter, Past and Present. By Jean Émile-Bayard. Translated by Percy Mitchell. Illustrated by G. Lorin and F. A. Cazals. Brentano's. $4.50.

Paris. By Sidney Dark. With drawings by Henry Rushbury. The Macmillan Company. $6.

The Epicure's Guide to France. Volume I. Paris, the Environs of Paris, Normandy. By Curnonsky and Marcel Rouff. Harper and Brothers. $4.

BOHEMIA, as all wise men know, is a state of the mind, not of the map. It exists only in anticipation and retrospection. While hacking our way through we call it poverty, loneliness, lack of recognition, and the devil of a hard time. The classic answer to him who complains "I'm not the man I used to be" is "No, and you never were." And to the young husband who declares "You don't make pies like mother used to make" the modern wife retorts "Neither did she."

Well, does that mean that one can no longer write of *la vie de bohême* without expecting to be laughed out of court? I hope not. For imagination is as real as statistics, and the stuff that dreams are made of is sometimes more solid and lasting than that which goes into elevator apartments and skyscraper offices. An outstanding characteristic of a generation that is trying to be realistic is its passionate reaching after romance. Although we have ceased to believe in our gods as gospel, we cling to them as a beautiful fairy story. It is still lawful to manufacture nectar and ambrosia provided we do not violate the pure-food-and-drugs act by advertising them as cures for consumption and cancer as well as for nostalgia and housemaid's knee.

If Jean Émile-Bayard sees Montmartre and the Latin Quarter through too golden a haze, it is at least comforting to pick up a couple of books by a Frenchman who cares for history and tradition, in contrast to the volumes by smart Americans which concern themselves only with the "gay night life" and a thousand and one asininities which exist chiefly for foreign consumption. The "sacred butte" of Montmartre (not to be confused with the boulevard district just below it) has in recent years been the retreat of French artists in distinction from the colony in the Montparnasse quarter, which is international. Even during the World War I recall that modern apartment houses were pushing upward on the butte, in odd contrast to the old buildings and lanes about them, and since the signing of the peace the demolition has been yet more rapid. Monsieur Émile-Bayard tells of the effort of the artists

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to hold their own, but he says: "The legend that the artist is a Bohemian is dead and buried."

So, too, the post-war Latin Quarter is grown more somber and serious. "The spirit of present-day youth reaches maturity before the due season." This apparently in spite of the craze for athletics—which Monsieur Émile-Bayard finds distasteful. "Formerly brain ruled muscle; now, it is to be feared, the contrary is the case. Youth once grew enthusiastic over thought; now, particularly since the war which made youth very if not wholly practical, it worships champions!" The *grisette* has disappeared. Even a decade ago, when I lived within sound of the bells of the Sorbonne on the Street of Mister-the-Prince, the word had dropped out of current language, while the young lady herself was of doubtful authenticity. And now:

"There remains in the Latin Quarter as a worthy companion for the zealous student only the *étudiante*, the 'studentess.' These are hard times and the spirit of the feminist movement peeps out in women's courageous acceptation of celibacy or of work to lessen the cost of married life. Bernerette, Lorette, Rougette, and Musette now are typewriters, and amid bursts of laughter rap out their 'friend's' thesis for his university degree. He, by the way of thanks, kisses their lips in the old unchanging way."

Sidney Dark writes "a series of personal impressions" of the more permanent as opposed to the effervescent Paris. I find myself in hearty agreement when he says: "I do not think that its people are notable for their courtesy, for I have many times watched elderly gentlemen boarding crowded trains on the 'Metro' with the aid of the points of their umbrellas." Also: "I think I know the French for what they are and not for what admiring ignorance or racial prejudice believe that they are, and on the whole I find them very good."

The authors of the first volume of "The Epicure's Guide to France" spread tantalizing meals in more places than one could eat his way in and out of in years. They also give some mouth-watering recipes. After eating "of all kinds of cooking, from the admirable and learned Chinese cooking to the dreadful thermochemical and doctored food served in the American Palace-Hotels," they are convinced "that one can be fed almost anywhere but that one really eats in France only."

ARTHUR WARNER

The Whole Story of a Great Reformer

John Wyclif: A Study of the Medieval Church. By Herbert B. Workman. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $12.50.

THE profession of matador calls for skill and courage. But this modern pastime is mere child's play in comparison with the risks incurred by one in medieval times who dared to enter the lists against papal bulls that bore down with inquisitorial fury upon recalcitrant individuals. Even if one survived to die a natural death, there was still the prospect that one's mortal remains might be exhumed half a century later and burned with heretical honors. To a sport-loving age like that of today the story of a reformer such as Wyclif should make a strong appeal. While the specific cause championed by him may no longer excite us, the very persistence and daring of the man give an abiding charm to his career.

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by an account of his political connections. A third topic, naturally treated at greatest length, concerns Wyclif's views on the necessity of ecclesiastical reforms and his personal efforts at their realization. The continuation of his cause by his followers is too briefly treated, but an additional volume is planned on the "Origins of Nonconformity."

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horizons than a consistent doctrine, and "Transformations" continues that enlargement. In the former book the essay on Giotto, which had been written twenty years before, was accompanied by a footnote which told of the author's partial disagreement with it after that lapse of time. He no longer believed that the dramatic, story-telling idea in a picture was the essential factor determining its value; "pure form" was the thing, and our reaction to it should be disentangled from our reaction to its implied associated ideas. Accordingly, the later essays in that book tried to estimate various works of art in terms of "pure form," which meant chiefly the design formed by the arrangement of planes and masses in deep space, together with the decorative effect of their lines, lights and shadows over the surface of the picture. Color was barely and infrequently touched on, and great colorists like El Greco, Cézanne, and Renoir were analyzed with little or no reference to the function of color in producing their three-dimensional designs.

In "Transformations" the final essay, on Plastic Color, is devoted entirely to this function, and to an historical sketch of the tendency, culminating in Cézanne, by which color was made an integral part of the expression of solids and spaces. Throughout the book references to color are far more frequent than in its predecessor, even in discussions of inferior colorists like Fra Bartolommeo. What, one wonders, has opened Mr. Fry's eyes to color after all these years? And are they quite open yet? If so, would he credit Rubens and the seventeenth century, rather than the sixteenth-century Venetians, with "the notion of a single all-pervading dominant note of color—the color of the main illumination"? Would he not by now have enlarged his interpretations of El Greco and Renoir?

Mr. Fry's interest is still divided between "pure form" and the dramatic or "psychological" idea, and he admits, in the first essay, an inability to merge the two interests except in the more trivial works of art where neither makes a strong appeal. Hence there is a constant shifting between the two in his discussion, and sometimes his early romantic imagination breaks loose, to carry him far from the picture at hand. For example, one caricature, whose human associations to this reviewer were those of a battered Whitechapel fish-wife, is entitled La Duchesse d'Uzès Douairèire. In it Mr. Fry sees "the sublime self-confidence and indifference to opinion of the descendant of a great aristocratic race with all that these conditions of life have engraved on the pale and faded countenance." But elsewhere he can sum up the aesthetic fundamentals of a whole school of art in a brilliant *aperçu:* Chinese painting "was always conceived as the visible record of a rhythmic gesture. It was the graph of a dance executed by the hand."

One might go on, if captious, to question many of Mr. Fry's particular judgments: his analysis of Seurat's Poseuses (now in this country) or his rather wandering attempt to answer I. A. Richards's charge that he separates unduly the aesthetic from other activities. But that would be to give a false impression of his genuine importance as an intelligent, open-minded critic, far ahead of his generation. As Mr. Fry himself says (in dealing gently with the sculptor Epstein), "the Philistines are upon us, and we have to close up our ranks."

THOMAS MUNRO

Dream and Reality

Rhapsody. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Otto P. Schinnerer. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

ALTHOUGH the past few years have seen the publication in America of a number of Schnitzler's novelettes and stories, these translations, with possibly the single exception of "Fräulein Else," represent the great Austrian's pre-war period. "Rhapsody" is unmistakably of today. In the form of this brief novel Schnitzler eschews the broken rhythm and staccato style which made "Fräulein Else" seem so expres-

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sionistic; but in its subject matter he is engrossed more than in any previous novel with the discoveries of modern psychology. Though Schnitzler was a prober into the subconscious many years before psychoanalysis became the current rage, he is not even now ready to interpret all life by its teachings. Where after all is reality—in the ordered circumstances of our daily lives, in our actions when we are caught in the spell of an exceptional moment, or in our dreams? This is the question he poses in "Rhapsody"—and like a true artist leaves unanswered.

Fridolin and Albertina are a happy, rather humdrum married couple. On an evening toward the end of the carnival season in Vienna Fridolin, summoned to the bedside of a dying patient, goes forth to a series of erotic adventures which culminate when, intruding masked upon a mysterious orgy, he is saved by a beautiful unknown from discovery and certain punishment. When he returns home Albertina in a burst of frankness recounts to him some lascivious adventures she has had in a dream—adventures which, Fridolin decides, reveal her secret treachery and cruelty. The following night Fridolin, seeking his beautiful unknown, finds a body in the hospital morgue that might or might not have been the enchantress of the secret revels; the body now seems to him a symbol of the preceding night, "a pale corpse doomed to irrevocable decay." Once more he returns to Albertina, Albertina who though she has discovered that her husband, contrary to their mutual promise of frankness, had lied to her the previous night is as ever generous and forgiving.

In "Beatrice," the story of a mother who commits suicide when her son discovers her amour with one of his school friends, Schnitzler presented a situation that was unsavory because it was not adequately motivated. In "Rhapsody," where the scene shifts from a domestic hearth to the room of a diseased girl of the streets and then to a house where libertines of the nobility dance with naked courtesans, one is not repelled because there are no false notes. By the use of the most trifling incidents in the previous history—subjective and objective—of Fridolin and Albertina, Schnitzler prepares for all that occurs.

To assume that the experiences of Fridolin on his night of fantastic adventures were dreams in the conventional sense of the word is to miss the point of the novel. "No dream is entirely a dream" and "the reality of one night, let alone that of a whole lifetime, is not the whole truth." Thus, through his two protagonists, Schnitzler at the very end of "Rhapsody" reiterates his theme. Related to that theme is the underlying idea that though most of our conscious seekings end in frustration, happiness flowers for the seeker in unexpected ways. Together theme and "counter-subject" make of "Rhapsody," for all its brevity and unpretentiousness of scope, a fine fughetto of modern life.

RUTH SAPIN

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Drama

Revolutions to Order

HOW to start a war with Mexico is the subject discussed in the rousing new melodrama "Spread Eagle" (Martin Beck Theater) which two newspapermen have written and to which George Abbott, its director, has contributed his sure theatrical touch. Were it not for its theme the play would hardly be notable outside the chronicles of the commercialized stage, for from the standpoint of form and expression it is no more than an unusually efficient, highly polished, and well-oiled thriller with a regulation Mexican bandit and a regulation assault upon a lonely mining shack guaranteed to raise the hair upon any gallery god's head, but it involves an inversion of the usual assumptions of the popular play which renders it not less than epoch-making in the history of modern melodrama. For once the gallant soldiers of the good old U. S. A. are not avenging heroes but plain boobs enthusiastically engaged in doing the dirty work for cautious patriots with a bank roll to save, and for once the arch-villain is not a treacherous foreigner but a high-powered American business man with a mahogany desk, an urge for profits, and an impenetrable smoke-screen of lofty ideals.

According to the story the president of the Spread Eagle Mining Company has just financed a Mexican bandit leader in the hope that the latter will stir up enough trouble to bring about an intervention, when his daughter introduces to him a young man looking for a job who happens to be the son of an ex-President of the United States. It occurs to the financier that if this young man should get himself killed he would thereby do more to arouse public sentiment than any one otherwise could, and accordingly he sends him to a nice, dangerous post just in the path of the forthcoming revolution. He is indeed killed according to the plan (or rather he is thought to have been) and then when the intervention has got well under way the financier—having patriotically enlisted himself as a dollar-a-year man—journeys down to the border in a private car in order to see the show.

Now, both the director and the authors of the piece are first-rate and up-to-date showmen. They know exactly the kind of effects which a Broadway audience demands, and they have catered to this audience in various ways, for they have sprinkled the play with a goodly number of wise-cracks in the current style, and when the last act showed signs of fraying out they brought the curtain down upon a fine piece of hokum. They have, nevertheless, managed most of their business—including especially the bits intended to give the audience the sense of bustle and tension of the mobilization—with unusual address, and the irony is not only smashingly effective but conveyed in terms calculated to inspire even the man in the street with thoughts which would have sent him to Leavenworth for a good long time if he had been so incautious as to express them a few years ago.

Moreover, all this is, be it remembered, not a story printed in the *New Masses*, the *American Mercury*, *The Nation*, or any of the other dangerous periodicals subsidized by Russian gold for the work of destroying American ideals and preparing for the nationalization of women. Neither is it a play written for production before a specialized audience in some corner known only to the intelligentsia. It is, on the contrary, a strictly popular melodrama, presented in a Broadway theater, designed to attract the man in the street, and so managed as to be as sure as any play ever is actually to attract him. Nothing could illustrate more clearly than the possibility of such a play illustrates the enormous strides which disillusion has made in the popular mind. The play is, indeed, because of its strictly popular character, a more legitimate cause for alarm on the part of the hundred-percenters than any number of highbrow journals and highbrow plays, for when even melodrama repre-

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sents patriotism as bunk then patriotism is in a very bad way indeed. No censor responsible either to political superiors or to the organized busybodies who appoint themselves the guardians of national opinion could possibly allow such a play to remain open a week even if (as is extremely unlikely) he ever allowed it to get on at all, but fortunately there is as yet no law under which "Spread Eagle" could be prevented and it will probably continue for a long time to come to furnish excellent entertainment and very effective propaganda.

Only the most inveterate of Barrie's admirers consider "The Legend of Leonora," which Grace George has just revived at the Ritz Theater, a good play. To me its fantastic story of the charming mother who pushed a man off a railway train because her little girl had a cold and he would not shut the window is, despite some flashes of humor, merely the most nearly insane of the fantasies by means of which its author has revealed his infantile fixations. In "Fog Bound" (Belmont Theater) Nance O'Neil struggles with a lugubrious and unexciting emotional drama.

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